

arcum

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Free to students



"Freud discovered in his psychoanalytic studies that we all have a common sexual nature which begins with infancy and ends with death. He also observed that the prohibition of sexual pleasures under the cloak of morality only serves to make sex more erotic. It is this obsessive modesty about sex that gives rise to sexual precocity in childhood and the pre-occupation with sexual matters among some adults." (Caprio on Freud)

YALE UNIVERSITY SCHOLARS ON PARTNOY'S COMPLAINT, COUPLES AND LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

"Like other picaresque novels, Portnoy's Complaint is shaped by successive conflicts between innocence and experience. In this novel, though, the roles keep shifting. The hero, unlike Huck Finn or Don

Quixote, does not always exemplify natural virtue. Sometimes he seems to embody natural vice. He locks himself in the bathroom to masturbate; his mother concludes that he has diarrhea."

"Erik Erikson, at the end of Childhood and Society, suggests that a saving remnant of indignation is necessary to analyst and patient alike in order to make a cure more than 'a straw in the changeable wind of history'. This is indignation directed outward, a defiance of things as they are, of the inequities and horrors of the human condition, of the need for analysis and of the final impossibility of analysis."

"Roth commented in an interview, 'because Portnoy wants to be saved, he is obscene'. The possibilities of salvation and of damnation are for Portnoy, mid twentieth-century man, only sexual. The wanderings of Odysseus and of Don Quixote invite—or at least make possible—allegorical interpretation."

"The prevalence of pornography in our time means more than that pornography has become permissible. It reflects a widespread preoccupation with sexuality as perhaps the only arena for action remaining within individual control. If sex is significant, maybe individuals are important. But pornography, building on the preoccupation with sex, denies the optimism which may be implicit in it. Dealing with people as objects, instruments of gratification for one another, it suggests the debasement of possible human contact, the meaninglessness of terms beyond the physical. It is a genre of despair."

"Possibility exists only in adolescent fantasy; realized, when wet dreams come to life, it creates images of sterility and monotony. Traditional religious sanctions against the forms of perverse sexuality rest on the assumption that sex should serve fecundity, that modes of sexuality unrelated to generativity are therefore morally unsound."

"Portnoy relates an episode which exemplifies the perverse experience of his adulthood in language which reminds us of the innocent gusto he retains from childhood. Here he is describing his first encounter with The Monkey: 'Did I eat! It was suddenly as though my life were taking place in the middle of a wet dream. There I was, going down at last on the star of all those pornographic films I had been producing in my head since I first laid a hand upon my joint ... 'Now me you,' she said, '—one good turn deserves another,' and Doctor, this stranger then proceeded to suck me off with a mouth that might have gone to a special college to learn all the wonderful things it knew. What a find, I thought, she takes it right down to the root! What a mouth I have fallen into! Talk about opportunities!'"

"We have a tortured pretentiousness in Updike's Couples: 'Leonine he would lie back. Eyelids lowered, her dusty-rose cheek dented by the forcing part of her jaws, her sleeping face would eclipse that gnarled choked-part of him a Calvinist whisper by his cradle had taught him to consider vile. Touch of teeth like glints of light. Her fluttered tongue and lips' encirclement. Her hair spun air between his lifted thighs, nipples and fingernails, muddled echoes of blood. He would seek the light with one thrust and she would gag penitent he would beg Come Up, and her tranced drained face swim to his and her cold limp lips as he kissed them wear a moony melted stale smell whose vileness she had taken into herself.'"

"No Lawrentian philosophy, no real thought of any kind, seems to underlie the assumption that physical gratification and the emotional fulfillment it produces are of ultimate significance. To have an orgasm becomes 'to see the light'; the penis is a sun eclipsed—if also gnarled and choked."

"When Lawrence allows Mellors to revel in Anglo-Saxon sexual terminology, he uses dirty words as evidence of his hero's moral freedom and the beauty of that freedom. In Roth, obscenities define not only the hero's freedom but his bondage. Roth's purposes, unlike Lawrence's, are not didactic; his language is never self-consciously 'beautiful' or 'noble'; his faith in the value of sexual liberation seems eroded. But like Lawrence he appears to believe in sexual activity as a metaphor for the human condition. Portnoy can conceive of and indulge in a broad range of sexual practices, but their meaning for him is restricted. The wider conditions of his existence are describable in similar terms: he can do what he likes, but finds little meaning in the doing. For Mellors, sexual union generates a sense of meaning which becomes the focus of a full life; no other kind of doing is necessary. Significance is imaginable; and it is sexual."

"Reading Couples, one may suspect that John Updike has abandoned the distinction between fantasy and reality. His collection of willing women, lovingly but indistinguishably described in all their luscious stickiness, derive from boyhood dream, not adult observation."

"Portnoy, who has been talking of his misery, which, he feels, has gone beyond the power of language to express, begins to meditate about the tag on new mattresses that forbids its own removal. He imagines himself tearing it off, the police approaching with drawn guns, himself defiant though doomed; finally, in imagination tormented beyond language, he screams."

GERMAINE GREER FROM THE FEMALE EUNUCH

"Women have been called drabs, slommacks, trapises, malkins, draggetails, blowens, bawdy baskets and bobtails. As for the act of sex I prefer the obsolete word 'swive' because it has no vulgar linguistic emphasis on the poking element."

"It is time to put the clitoris in its place as only a kind of sexual overdrive in a more general response. One should make love to people, not to organs."

CAPRIO FINDS A CONCLUSION

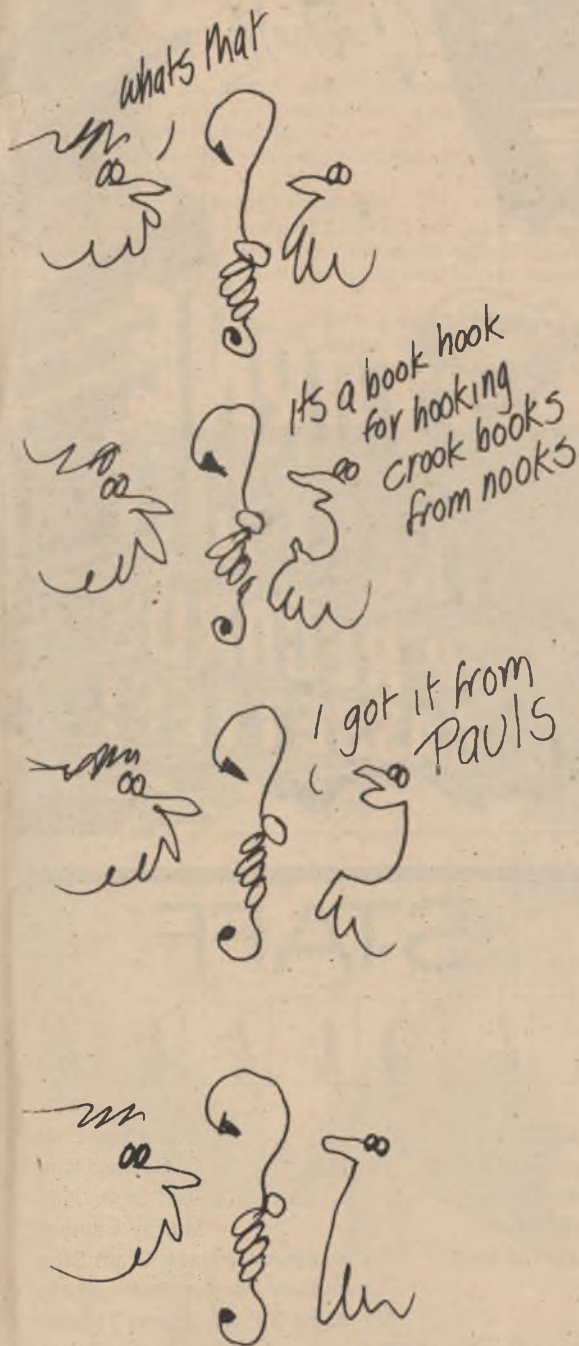
"One can regard all sexuality as nothing more than masturbation in the broadest sense, thus making coitus a form of intra-vaginal masturbation. A colleague of mine once remarked that he felt all sex represented nothing more than different ways of achieving an orgasm, but I should suggest that humans are not service machines for one another and orgasms are not relationships in themselves."

Photographs show scenes from an East German production of Hamlet.

Portnoy's Complaint, Couples and Lady Chatterley's Lover kindly provided by U.B.S.

Excerpts from a series of debates printed in The Yale Review.

THE EDITOR



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The Auckland Centenary has enjoyed the compliances of most sectors of the 'community' Business houses of the 'community' (surely the two terms are synonymous), bent the centenary for their advertising, radio stations tried to outbid each other with slogans of 'community radio' and 'centenary radio', a carefully planned 'spontaneous dance in the street', did not spontaneously dance, the Birkenhead Borough Council took exception to Sir Dove-Myer Robinson's commandeering Princess Alexandra's attention, and Sir Dove-Myer himself bought a new wig for the Centenary's 'community' celebrations.

Auckland (bless its soul) is one hundred years old. Aucklanders have been reminded of the fact by endless media reports, newspaper supplements and of course, that farcical chain of programme announcements for 'spontaneous happenings'. All very amusing, rather bougeoise and wrapped in innocent glitter.

Beneath the contrived innocence, Auckland has a great deal of growth to encourage. Not the industrial and commercial growth that spills out of mayoral mouths over cocktails, but a growth associated with the human condition of the city.

The huge mass of one hundred years old bylaws that cramp up reprintings of Bylaw booklets with their obsolescence (dancing in the streets is quite illegal; all those dancers could receive civil summonses), the actual problem of slum areas with sub-standard housing, the peripheral industrial areas to these slums, which openly exploit coloured and immigrant labour with sub-standard working conditions and wages, the non-representation of such slum areas on the Auckland City Council, the lack of any Council sponsored day-care centres, adult education centres, homework centres, in such areas.

And even moving away from slums and their neglected problems, there appears to be a cultural desitutation in Auckland. No, that is not quite right. There is a 'cultural' domination in Auckland. The same small group of geriatrics manage to control every major public 'cultural' interest. The same people attend the same art openings, theatre first-nights and after-event cocktails. The same entrenched groups year after year are assembled for that laughing stock of an Auckland Festival. The idea seems to be provision of centralized and specialized and sanitized 'culture' for those who can afford it, those who can make the effort to come, those who have carefully memorised vocabularies of vague utterings to reciprocate the stimulus-such 'culture' has. No art, theatre, music or literature is expected to act as actual community participation. No art leaves its galleries, no theatre runs amok in the streets, no Symphonia of Auckland is given adequate funds to perform in the suburbs.

Free speech in the parks had to be fought for, arrested for and fined for, in one case imprisoned for; demonstrations couldn't interrupt favourable business hours, until fought for and arrested for; pamphlets cannot be legally distributed in main streets, charity collections are illegal and urinating in public is illegal unless performed against the side of a horse-drawn wagon, by the right hand front wheel.

Geologists indicate that a new volcano erupts in Auckland every 800 to 1000 years. Rangitoto is 800 years old. Maybe the Civic Administration Building . . .

Executive and S.R.C.

EXECUTIVE MEETING 29 APRIL COUNCIL ROOM

This meeting, more than any other, forced the Executive to examine its functions and its responsibilities to the student body at large. The first grand gesture was to arrange for photographs of Executive members to be displayed on noticeboards. Presumably, students are to recognize and chastise the denizens of bureaucracy whenever they hove into view. But this aside, the major incident of the meeting which began at 6.30pm and did not finish until 1.30am, was the asking of pertinent questions by Mr Chris Thomas (House Committee Chairman), of Mr Roly Metge (Man Vice President), concerning Mr Metge's discharge of the obligation related to his portfolio. This discussion arose from similar questioning at the S.R.C. meeting a week earlier.

Mr Metge explained that he had given much thought to the matter and agreed that his fulfillment of office had not been as full as was necessary. He said that many circumstances had conspired recently to prevent his activity in the Association, but he made an emphatic promise to work to overcome any difficulties caused and to discharge the obligations related to his portfolio with enthusiasm from then on.

The Editor then asked that all members of Executive should examine themselves, that their responsibilities were not to one another but to the entire student body. Mr Thomas concurred and added that he had raised the matter in the first place out of consideration for the smooth running of the Association and not out of any personal feelings.

The Editor was then remonstrated in turn for the attitude of 'Craccum' with regard to his criticisms of members of the University. Mr Preece argued that attacks had been made that had erroneous factual bases, and which were contrary to the spirit of association between staff and students. The Editor said he could not apologise for his 'attitude', that he was in fact attempting to stimulate students into questioning both the University hierarchies and those within the Association. He promised however to search his material more thoroughly and to stop writing libellous, defamatory editorials.

An hour was spent discussing the running of the University's Fiji Club. This club had experienced divisions at its A.G.M., which resulted in no one knowing who comprised the club's executive, whether the club had an executive, who should call a general meeting to find out, and who could vote at any such general meeting. The Association Executive decided to suspend all activities of the club and to appoint Mr Metge as interim club chairman, with the task of calling a general meeting in a week's time, to chair that meeting and to define which club faction had what constitutional grounds. Splits in the Fiji Club, culminating in the presentation of claims and counter-claims by two sides at the Executive meeting has meant that many traditional club activities usually scheduled at this time of year may have to be cancelled. One club member present said he was disappointed by both sides, that Fiji Club was meant to be a social club and not a political arena, and could both sides please try to work together.

Executive decided to completely disassociate itself from Pub Crawl. Mr Rob Garlick (Treasurer) said that the event was a childish and damagingly idiot piece of lunacy. Other members of Executive agreed and consequently Craccum has refused to publish any data of the Crawl. The Executive asked Mr Rodney Lyon (Student Liaison Officer) to refuse publication of Crawl details in Titwiti. Mr Lyon however said that such a decision was for the Titwiti organizers to decide and not for the Executive.

Due to requests from the police and from the Hotel Workers' Association (who threatened to strike for a day if the Crawl was not halted), a telephone service will be manned at the Association on Crawl day. Mr Russell Bartlett (Public Liaison Officer) and Mr Thomas will man the telephones and leave for any spots of trouble that occur. Mr Spring and Mr Kevin Hall (Capping Controller) will ride around the pubs in a squad car with the police to ensure that no trouble flares up.

Mr John Shennan (Publications Officer) reminded the Executive that it should also disassociate itself from the Engineers' Haka party. It is a ridicule of the Maori people, he said. Mr Spring agreed and pointed out that the Tamatoa Council had specifically asked the Association for such a disowning.

Most of the other matters at the meeting concerned administrative items. Applications are called for the positions of four Commerce Representatives on S.R.C. Those who had previously been representatives have defaulted by non-attendance.

S.R.C. MEETING—Thurs. April 22nd

This was the liveliest S.R.C. meeting held so far with a considerable number of motions coming from the floor. One reason for the revitalised S.R.C. was the presence of twenty other members of the association who for the first time were allowed to vote at these meetings. Another reason was the knowledge of the S.G.M. scheduled for the following Monday to scrap S.R.C. altogether in its present form and throw it wide open to the student body. This move failed and the idea has been postponed.

Back to our thrilling S.R.C. After the usual apologies it was noted that four of our members had now become redundant through failing to attend three consecutive meetings. Stiff cheese fellows but we must all toe the line. Hey What? Ron Mayes, student council representative, was re-elected after making appropriate noises about his absences.

Bob Lack then moved that we confirm the policy mentioned in the previous meeting of voting and speaking rights to all members of the association present. This moved our beloved mens vice president Roly Metge to do a ten minute rave on the history, development and value of S.R.C. which was mostly irrelevant to the motion under discussion. Ten minutes later Roly was gone for the night. Tired? Over-worked or just pissed-off with S.R.C.?

On with the main business. The association made \$300 from socials this year and was embarrassed what to do with it. The student-loving ever-generous executive suggested a free dance. The money-conscious S.R.C. balked at this idea and suggested that a

"donation" be asked for at this dance—the money to go to an unspecified worthy cause. How about Craccum? Or me?

Next this august body went through the monotonous procedure of affiliating and re-affiliating numerous boring clubs. The only imaginatively titled new club was F.U.C.K. (Godzone) short for Filthy Unwashed-Commie Klan—All you have to do to join the club is to recite the abbreviated name of the Klan loudly at least three times. All together now . . .

Well after some routine stuff we got on to electing an Education Officer and a Public Liaison Officer. As there was only one application for each position, this was not a difficult choice. Wendy Adams is back in the helm for the second time as Education Officer. Don't forget what you're there for, Wendy—let's get this education system moving in this university. Mr Russell Bartlett (no relative of Miss Bartlett) is our new Public Liaison Officer. Sock it to them Russ-baby; tell them what nice people we are and we hope you last longer than Matt Robson.

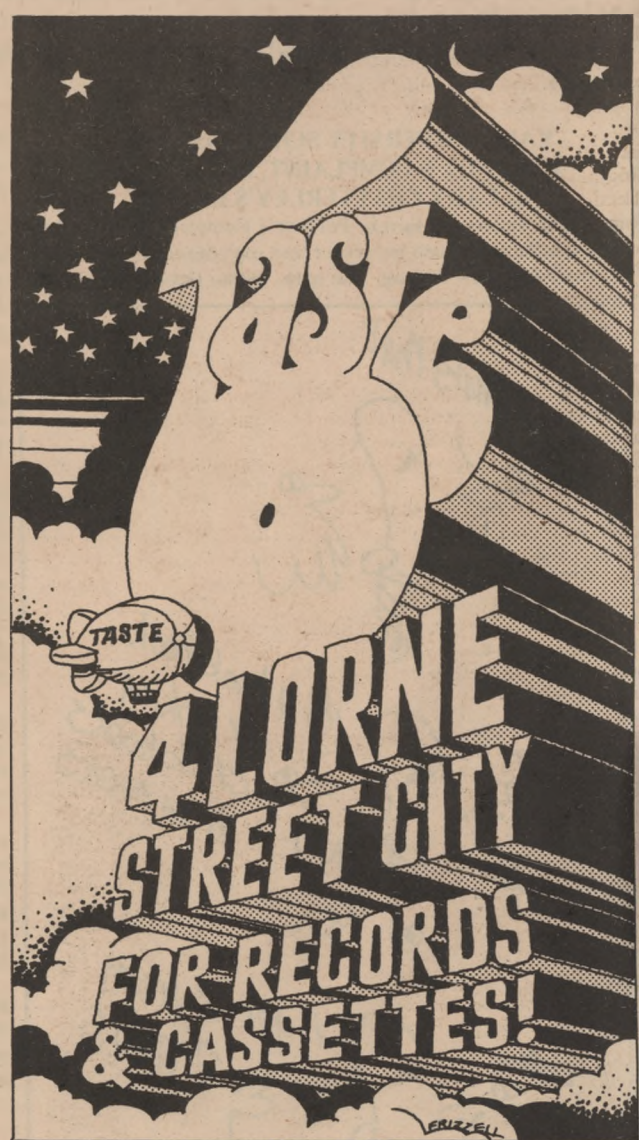
Mr Stephen Chan then came to the fore and suggested that the M.V.P. investigate the possibility of using the graduates' club premises for Thursday forums when it is wet. Really Stephen, can you see "the club" having 500 wet students dripping all over their wall-to-wall carpet? Mr Bob Lack put forward a motion reaffirming A.U.S.A. policy on marijuana and pressed that the M.V.P. write to the Government, newspapers, Noel Holmes and the Mt Maunganui Chamber of Commerce. We have got to enlighten these nits somehow or they will have all you pot-smoking fornicators up against the wall.

Mr John Groom moved that the S.R.C. support the principle of all student departmental reps to be members of Faculties. This was in line with moves being made in the Arts faculty where the number of faculty reps has just increased from 4 to 8 out of 18. We have got to do something to make this whole student rep. system work. This is one way of increasing the lines of communication.

Shortly after this, at 10.15pm, the meeting lapsed for lack of a quorum. During the informal meeting that followed the BIG MAN—Mr Billy Spring—came to the defence of the Maori people and suggested that the university "Haka Party" was a slight against Maori tradition. He suggested that it be renamed the "Hakoa Party" N.B. Hakoa means "idiots" in Maori.

At the end of the meeting, the poor publicity given by the M.V.P. for student elections was discussed. Well, Roly. What about it? Next week's thrilling installment features Roly Metge vs. S.R.C. Come and watch the monkeys—U.L.T. Wednesday 5 May 7 pm.

JOHN GROOM



STAFF

Editor:	Stephen Chan
Technical Editor:	Richard King
Secretary:	Susan King
Arts Editor:	Murray Edmond
Editorial Staff:	Kathryn De Nave; Grant Stitt; John Daly-Peoples; Sue Kedgely; Anne Gilbert; Dennis Trussell.
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1- State of the Union: Bob Hillier

Last year 10 of the 15 Exec positions were filled by default. The whole 15 bar one, were but babes in arms, sired by Mike Law (President 69-70) and Bill Rudman (President 68-69), and instantly released to embark upon ego trips guided by the seasoned and well calloused hands of these two 'fathers of student politics'.

Things plodded along, most Exec members appeared to, and we hoped would, settle in and prove worthy of Law's blessing. But not so. No sooner had mummy and daddy left the nest and the Rudman-Law Dynasty fell.

Power-elitism prevailed. Spring, his inadequate policies carried out, things ride thinking the factionalism in Exec would sort itself out. In February a new problem threatened in the form of a John Hay, an unknown quantity. Mary Kirk, W.V.P., panicked; Spring told the 'team' that they had to look united and as a team even though they weren't.

But then the bottom fell out of Exec. Tony Falkenstein, Treasurer for 3 years, got out while the going was good. Kerry Hand, business manager, Christine Lindop, Student Liaison, and John Adams, Public Liaison (both of whom were hacks), also departed the scene.

The Education officer, Wayne Perkins, left it too late and jumping of Spring's erratic rusted junk-heap missed a cue in his leap onto the well-oiled, Shadow Cabinet Bandwagon and fell 'splat' on his face as bullshit does.

Now they have trouble, balancing the budget, wages and all else. And this Exec, the most unco-ordinated, impotent and totally ineffective pile of dried out cow patties since the Czar ruled Russia, has failed to put it right, or even look like putting it right. AUSA is slipping further into the shit and they sit back blaming each other for

THE BIG THREE:

President Bill Spring:

One night in the 'Kiwi' Bill Rudman threatened to cut Spring out of the dynasty. Spring replied: "That's alright Dr Rudman, I'll just go and form one of my own".

Tut, tut. I fail to see any serious presidential candidate accepting our nomination Bill.

Spring came from a humble background, he's let himself be clobbered and dominated by all from Vaughan Preece to interviewer, in Watkins.

Spring stood as President on the presumption that Law would always be there holding his hand. But when 'daddy' saw an opening in Wellington he was up and away leaving Bill in the lurch.

Bill works extremely hard but lacks the ability and strength needed in his position to achieve his aims.

Men's Vice President Roly Metge:

A brilliant mind but no motivation. He has failed to ensure the necessary co-ordination of the Exec and has been a root cause, along with Spring's weak leadership, of the rift and polarisation of factions in Exec.

Since 1971 began Roly has been notable for his absence of mind and body in the duties which are constitutionally bestowed upon him in Elections.

Women's Vice President Mary Kirk:

'A still small voice'. Deadhead and totally devoted to Spring, living in the glory of her inflated position and work done by Student Liaison Officer Rodney Lyon.

THE BACKBONE:

Treasurer Rob Garlick:

'When money speaks the truth is silent'. An insufferable pain in the arse and unbearable cynic, but, a shrewd man in his office.

Student Liaison Officer Rodney Lyon:

'Fascism—now and forever'. Rodney is efficient and well worth the trouble of voting.

International Affairs Officer John Woodroffe:

John has continued where Trevor Richards left off and it is a pity that he has neither the ability nor the inclination to express himself publicly. A shortcoming of the portfolio is the total lack of finance available.

These three each have qualities I admire and would be included in my Executive I was asked to name. None of them excels as a personality but none has any real desire to do so, only to be left to continue their work.

THE EGOTISTS

"Nothing is more to me than myself". Thomas once told me he didn't give a damn what position he held so long as he was on Exec—it was elitist tendencies that dominated his decision to stand not any desire to achieve anything constructive for the Association.

Thomas attempted to lead a faction against Spring etc but as with everything he has blamed Roly Metge for his failure. When I raved against him one forum he remarked afterwards "Why didn't you mention my name?" after all, any publicity is good publicity.

Publications Officer John Shennan:

"Those monstrous views, those venomous teachings". Shennan is an ardent Socialist who once infiltrated Young Nationals on campus and succeeded in destroying it. He is an opportunist, his power elitism is evident in his Muldoonist manner of Representing Exec on Publications (of which Craccum is the only one left) rather than Publications on Exec as is his Constitutional Function.

Social Controller Dave Mathias:

"He did nothing in particular and did it very well". At least as much as did his predecessor. There's not a lot you can say for this bloke.

THE FAITHFUL NAIVE

"We walk by faith, not by sight".

Capping Controller Kevan Hall.

"Servant of God—well done!" Hall is a St John's theologian pushing an outdated, unoriginal capping campaign to promote Mayor Noddy. It is well nigh the time A.U. saw a novel approach other than the painfully conservative effort of 1971. People of Hall's calibre should stick to writing notices for Titwiti and leave stunts and stirs to those capable of pulling them off better.

Societies Rep Sally Rodwell:

"She never did anything worth doing" except campaign along with Roly Metge to be A.U.S.A. rep at the Centennial Ball.

Education Officer Wendy Adams:

She was Ed. Officer in 1970, before Wayne Perkins. Now she has returned hoping to reconstruct Perkin's shattered dreams. N.Z.U.S.A. Education Research Officer Lyndsay Wright told me that A.U.'s Education portfolio has been occupied by morons since the time of Peter Stallworthy. I'd quite believe it.



Hillier ... observations on a sinking ship

EDUCATION COMMITTEE NOTICE

One of the main problems connected with the internal structure of the Students Association is that so much of what is done within it is not seen to be done by the general mass of students. As a result, many students know little about the form, function, and workings of many of the councils, committees, and similar bodies associated with Studass. Often this results in vague generalizations and sweeping condemnations of its whole structure. Last week, for example, I was told "The students of the Botany Department think that the Education Committee is a bunch of radicals and shitstirrers." Although this, in itself, is complete nonsense, it is good to see that some students at least know that the Education Committee does exist. For those of you who didn't know, this column is required reading before being granted terms.

Students presumably come to this place with the purpose of being educated, so it would be reasonable (or should I say presumptuous) to assume that they are interested in education per se. This is the basic assumption underlying the functioning of the Education Committee. The members of Ed. Comm. are merely a group of students with an interest in, and a concern for, all aspects of education, mainly within, but also outside, the university. Also, because the university is, basically, concerned with education of students, this means that Ed. Comm. has a wide range of activities and interests. Here are a few examples:

Class Rep. System

In order to make this work as efficiently and smoothly as possible, we have begun enquiring into and examining the present setup with the intention of suggesting improvements where they seem necessary. This is being done at the moment, and any class rep. who would like to help, advise, or assist in this, is asked to get in touch with K. Hand, C/- the Education Office.

Staff teaching methods

Late last year, Ed. Comm. sent a circular to all members of staff with suggestions on ways of improving all aspects of their teaching (i.e. lectures, tutorials, labs, setting and marking of essays, etc.). This has met with a good response from some departments, and it has, hopefully, had some effect on the quality of teaching you are getting this year. We intend to conduct follow-up activities this year.

Exams and assessment

This year we have already made a detailed inquiry into methods of assessment used in every department of the university. This included percentage of year's work counting towards finals, terms requirements, practical work, and attendance at classes. Our aim is to find out the reliability, efficiency, and general usefulness of the present methods of assessment. The information is being collated and assessed and eventually a full report on exams and assessment will be made.

This is not a comprehensive summary of the activities of the Ed. Comm.; it is merely an example of the kind of work we have done and are doing. The work of Ed. Comm. is mostly based on the personal interests and motivations of the members. We are not a 'bunch of radicals and shitstirrers', but just a group of students interested in education, both inside and outside the university. If you think you can help in some way, come up to the Ed. office and see us about it. Information about other activities and aspects of our work will be in later columns.

RICHARD GYDE

Hall ... a cleric's conservatism

HARD TIMES AHEAD:

The top echelons of power is dominated largely by self-interest. Some have given up in the face of criticism others plodded on regardless, the rest have waded deeper into concealed waters.

The next two years are crucial to A.U.S.A. With increasing wages, catering and administrative costs the \$100,000 annual income is diminishing in real value. With these financial and other educational and social problems looming large, effective and strong leadership is essential and the July '71 elections will be central in the engagement of this leadership.

SRC has failed as a training ground for future student leaders—it is too personality based. I would favour the dissolution of faculty reps and replacement with members of Exec committees for it is in these committees as well as SRC that the necessary experience is to be gained.

Some of the people I would like to see in Exec positions 1971-72 are—

Stephen Chan: President—he is a well organised person with experience and ability necessary.

Bruce Kirkland: V. President—he could complement Chan's abilities well to provide a cohesive Exec.

John Groom: Education Officer—he has the relevant ability and experience.

Bob Lack—who I feel could be a valuable asset in any position on Exec.

Dave Neumegen—Capping Controller—would recreate Capping—the best ideas and stunts man I know.

Selwyn Jones—Social Controller—has run most of this year's dances anyway.

Matt Robson—Public Liaison.

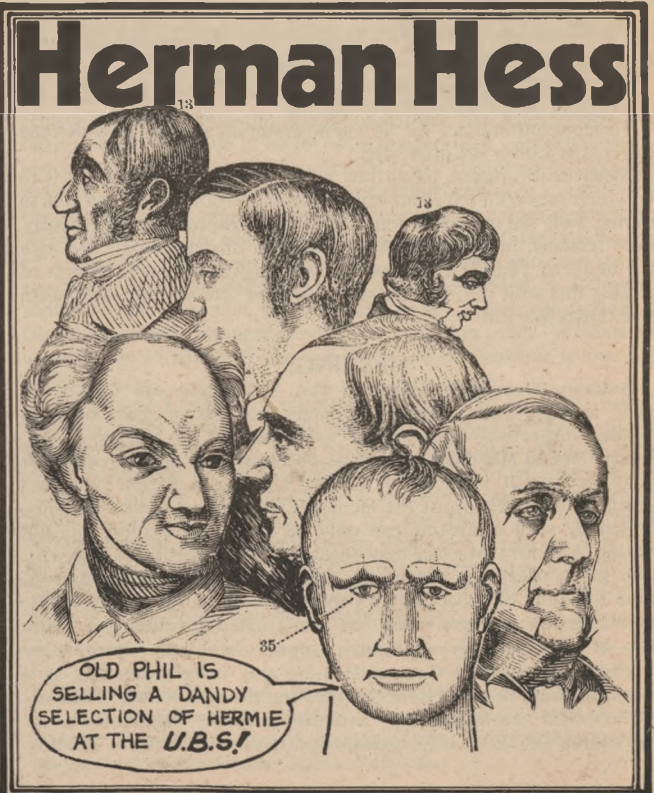
Steve Ballantyne—Publications.

I feel that three present members would continue to serve AUSA well, they are Rob Garlick, Treasurer, Rodney Lyon and John Woodroffe. Bill Rudman said late last year that he wished he hadn't supported Bill Spring for President but also pointed out that perhaps Bill would make a good Vice President.

Editors Note: Though I thank Mr Hillier for his appraisal of my presidential potential, I must indicate that I have no aspirations for the office of AUSA President.



Woodroffe ... a worthy servant



2 - State of the Union: Bob Lack

Craccum has been accused many times over the past few years of indulging in insularity and revelling in childish petty politics. As Stephen has done much this year to focus student attention on the real world outside the campus sphere, I must apologise for this intrusion of Association affairs. This paper is, however, published by the Association primarily for students, and it strikes me that there can be little validity in our telling the Government how to run the country while our own affairs are in disorder. Furthermore it is becoming increasingly obvious that large numbers of students are unaware of the purpose, structure, workings (if any) and effectiveness of the Association, and consequently feel that they are getting little return for their subscription. Hence I present my thoughts on the Association as it stands and where it might be going.

That some sort of students' association is desirable can hardly be denied—this University community consists in the main of young, intelligent, idealistic people who share a fair number of needs and beliefs: the purpose of an association in such an environment must be to attempt to meet the needs and to promulgate the beliefs of its members. This desire for an association having presumably been evident from the inception of the University, it was many years ago that the Auckland University Students' Association was formed—before Phil O'Carroll or Ross McCormick or even Dr Maiden had first enrolled. Consequently it is hardly surprising that there should be some degree of irrelevancy to some of the present 10,000 members, since the organization was designed for perhaps a tenth of that number. However, as we inherit not only the outmoded policies, practices and concepts of our predecessors but also their material possessions, it would seem preferable to adapt the organization to our present needs, rather than to destroy it in the possibly vain hope of replacing it. Obviously it is necessary to understand the present structure before we can hope to improve or adapt it. Therefore, without apologies to those who think they know it all I offer the following precis of the structure of the Association.



Spring ...

AUSA is an Incorporated Society registered under the appropriate Act of Parliament. All students are forced to be members in direct contravention of article 20 (2) of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and this despite our occasional attacks on the Government for ignoring other aspects of that very declaration. As an Incorporated Society we possess a Constitution which purports to define our objects, rules, procedures and structure. This Constitution is far from being sacrosanct—it may be amended as the members desire (and frequently is). As a consequence it is in a permanent state of flux and has in places been rendered totally incomprehensible by successive contradictory amendments. Because of this there exists but one correct copy and this is kept in the office where it is freely available for inspection by all members. It is hoped that this venerable document can be rendered into a form fit for printing this year so that each member may possess a copy in accordance with Rule 64.

The present objects of the Association as set out in the Constitution cover more than a foolscap page: the first two, however, largely encompass the remainder, and they read:

"To further the interests of the University and to secure the co-operation of the students in doing so.

To represent and act for the members in all matters in which the members as a body are interested."

Which really means to do just whatever the members want it to do, which seems an excellent object for any organization, and well in keeping with the expressed purpose of this organization in particular. There remains, however, the slight problem of determining the wish of a body of 10,000 members, and the slightly greater problem of carrying this wish out. The present structure attempts to accomplish these things like this:

MEETINGS

Ordinary General Meetings of the Association are held twice yearly in March and August, the main business of these being to consider respectively the annual accounts and the annual report. Special General Meetings are held as necessary and may be called for at any time by 20 members. A General Meeting in session represents the supreme expression of the members' corporate will, and anything decided by such a meeting can only be altered by another General Meeting. A General Meeting may change the Constitution as it sees fit, make policy decisions, direct the actions of the Executive or even throw them out of office, set up a special subcommittee to investigate any matter—an example being last year's catering committee whose fine, if unfortunately optimistic report has been ignored by everybody;—in short a General Meeting may behave precisely as it wishes, to the ultimate extent of dissolving the Association. Thus any student who professes any interest in what happens to his subscription should at least attempt to attend each General Meeting.

While General Meetings are supreme, they have one big disadvantage, that is that their usually low attendance of 50–200 makes them highly susceptible to 'stacking'. The best recent examples of this were the motions passed by a General Meeting full of Engineers, which included such classics as "THAT each female member of the Association will wear for the remainder of the year only a fig-leaf!" A more serious example was last year's stacking of a meeting on abortion by certain religious groups. To protect the Association from such goings on while still attempting to provide a voice for ordinary members, the Students' Representative Council was set up two years ago. This body of about 60 consists of the present and immediate past executives, the Association representatives on the University Senate, the Editor of Craccum, representatives of the hostel-dwellers and overseas students, and representatives of the various faculties who are elected annually in numbers proportionate to the populations of the faculties.

Although the S.R.C. has constitutionally very little power, being restricted to determining policy and acting in an advisory capacity to the executive, as an expression of student opinion it is not to be lightly ignored: indeed it is only the current Executive who have ever dared to go against an S.R.C. recommendation; but since the S.R.C. did not object this may have laid the foundation for repeat performances in the future. To assist it in making decisions the S.R.C. occasionally sets up subcommittees to report to it on various matters. Last year there were only two such committees—one on capping and one on abortion—since the then Vice-President was able to report on lesser matters. At present, however, there are about eight committees of the S.R.C. who are to investigate matters ranging from the continuing cafeteria deficit to the possibility of rewriting the Constitution to conform to the accepted rules of English grammar. Since the S.R.C. has largely failed in its original aims of getting more students interested and involved in Association workings, experiments are at present under way in which the old structure is being abandoned in favour of a completely open body where each member of the Association has full speaking and voting rights. The success of this scheme, which is in effect until the August General Meeting, depends entirely on your support. Meetings are held on alternate Thursday evenings, usually in the Upper Lecture Theatre. They will be advertised in Titwiti during the second term, so you have no excuse not to come and state your opinion of this place.

Rule 20(i) of the Constitution reads:

"The conduct and control of the business and affairs of the Association shall be vested in the Executive except as to such matters as are specifically reserved by these rules to the S.R.C. or to a General Meeting."

Thus the Executive, who are elected annually in August, are responsible for administering the Association in terms of the policy fixed by the students in General Meeting or at S.R.C. At present the Executive consists of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer and eleven portfolio holders—Business Manager, Capping Controller, Education Officer, House Committee Chairman, International Affairs Officer, Publications Officer, Public Liaison Officer, Sports Clubs' Representative, Social Controller, Societies' Representative, and Student Liaison Officer.

The Executive has a twofold responsibility—running the Union, and running the Association. Responsibility for running the Union, which consists of controlling the buildings and the catering facilities, lies primarily with the Union Management Committee, a joint University—Association Committee. However, the Executive appoints a majority of the members of this committee and thus effectively control it. The work in this field is done almost entirely by salaried staff under the control of the Administrative Secretary, who is employed by the Executive and is responsible to them. The only student assistance in this administration comes from House Committee who are supposed to be responsible for the minor administrative, lost property, first aid, painting and erecting posters, running elections and the like.

The work of the Association as such is carried out by standing subcommittees of the Executive; the members of most of these are in theory appointed by the executive, but they can be regarded as being open to all students by virtue of their constant need for members. If you wish to join a committee see the chairman who, except as stated below, is the Executive member of the same name. These committees are: Accommodation (Lady Vice-President), Capping, Contact (Student Liaison Officer), Education, Finance (Treasurer), House Committee, International Affairs, Publications, Public Liaison, Sports, Social, Societies, Student Liaison. Several administrative subcommittees exist whose structure is defined by the Constitution, and which are thus not 'open'. These are Blues Committee, the Craccum Administration Board, Disciplinary Committee, the two Grants Committees (Sports' and Societies'), and the Tournament Committee.

Some of these Committees have their own subcommittees, and each is responsible to the Executive through its Chairman for a particular facet of Association interest as defined by the Constitution and usually as implicit in the title. All of this is quite involved, and I expect I have forgotten something (egad! the Long-term Planning Committee!).

WORKINGS (IF ANY)

There are certainly several minor alterations and amendments to the present structure that could be made to improve efficiency, but this is only to be expected as the Association develops. The overall concept, however, appears excellent to me: the work is done and the decisions are initially made in open subcommittees by any members with an interest or ability in the specific field concerned. Each committee has a chairman appointed by popular election after due consideration of his merits, and these chairmen form an Executive to generally oversee and co-ordinate their committees. They also employ salaried staff to carry out routine administration subject to their direction. This Executive forms part of a larger body of students, the S.R.C., who can reconsider and alter the decisions of the Executive and their subcommittees and direct them in matters of general policy: the S.R.C. has in turn its own subcommittees to assist it, and the whole structure is responsible to and subject to the direction of the members of the Association assembled in General Meeting.

This structure appears to contain sufficient checks and balances between the specific interests of the subcommittees, the co-ordinating interests of the Executive, the overseeing interests of the S.R.C. and

the general interests of the students to ensure efficient operation of the whole for the good of the members. Unfortunately, however, the present state of affairs indicates that the system is not foolproof: the subcommittees are generally weak or non-functioning; the Executive is inexperienced and showing it, the President is grossly overworked, and the S.R.C. is as irresponsible as ever. The only gleam of hope is that some students seem to have shaken off their usual torpor of boredom and apathy and are beginning to show an interest in what is going on.

The blame for a lot of this must lie on the last couple of Executives—we have just had two terrifically strong Presidents, the later of whom at least tended to benevolent dictatorship. These, coupled with various reasonably strong Executive members, have tended to have the Executive making all the decisions without reference to the subcommittees. Whilst not in itself a bad thing, this has led directly to a weakening of the subcommittee structure, since younger students who would normally join a subcommittee and gain enough experience to make them competent Executive members in their turn, have not been willing to work on committees which are given no responsibility. Some of these people have instead successfully stood for election to the S.R.C., but that body has been a farcical failure since its inception, meeting seldom and being dominated by Executive members when it did meet: certainly no place to gain experience of administration or organization.

This breakdown of the subcommittee structure in turn led directly to the almost complete lack of qualified candidates at the last Executive elections: of the fifteen people elected in August, only two had previously served on the Executive, and only one of these had had any success. Less than half had previously served on a subcommittee, only two for longer than a few months. Ten of the candidates were elected unopposed so that the electors never saw them, heard their policies or had a chance to vote for them. All in all they had about as much chance of proving a successful Executive as any fifteen people chosen at random from the Quad, so it is not really surprising that they are in the crap, especially considering the difficult financial circumstances we were bound to be in anyway. The seven Executive resignations since August have not materially altered the position—the only two members who could be counted a loss have been replaced by people at least as competent as themselves, while the remaining newcomers are as mediocre as their predecessors.



... hard work for few rewards

It has been widely suggested that a lot of our present problems would be solved by sacking the Executive en masse, and holding new elections. I don't think, however, that this would prove particularly successful: there remains a dearth of qualified people to replace them, and it must be admitted that several members of the Executive are becoming increasingly competent as they gain experience. A little weeding out would not go amiss, however, but apart from retiring a couple of members whose outside interests are preventing their doing justice to their portfolios, I think the proponents of a "clean sweep" will have difficulty in finding replacements of a greater or even equal stature to the present Executive who, after all, can hardly be blamed for having been the best available. No, if members want a re-vitalization of the Association I suggest that the best way they can achieve this is by supporting the various Executive members (especially the newly appointed Education Officer and Public Liaison Officer) and by trying to help them do something useful: for it is certainly true that nothing was ever improved by sitting complaining about it.

EFFECTIVENESS

Given, then, the structure as described, the immediate question is whether it is effective in fulfilling the objects of the Association, that is, in meeting the needs and promulgating the beliefs of the members. Their needs in the 'student welfare' field—buildings, facilities, food, welfare services—are largely met by qualified salaried staff, and thus run pretty smoothly. The one field in which "members as a body" can be truly said to be interested is education—and in this field the Association has made little effort to "represent and act for the members". I am not decrying the fine work that has been done by various students on various departmental, faculty and University committees but this has been largely done by individuals without the assistance or support of the Association. As this is an area vital to student concern, Education Committee's current efforts to contact, support and co-ordinate these individuals must be supported wholeheartedly.

Promulgating the beliefs of the members is not one of the Association's most successful activities. In the present structure our beliefs are expressed by means of policy motions passed at General Meetings or in S.R.C. To show how effective these are I will review a few of our recent major policy statements and try to show just what we have done in support of them, and what we have left undone.

1. We advocate a total removal of discrimination against women, but we have made few efforts to support this excellent policy. We do not even apply it to our own organisation where ladies (but not old women) are constitutionally barred from the Vice-Presidency of the Association. Furthermore, despite our policy on equal pay our female cafeteria staff receive "female award wages".

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When your vices meet that squad

There are ten rules for how to deal with the vice squad.

1. Don't talk to them
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Never say any more than to give your name and address, if they ask you. This is the rule that everybody knows but it's where one after another falls down. Some admit guilt in so many words. Some just talk too much. Getting people to talk is the prime method used by the squad to catch them, and they have made it into a highly developed art. People's reasons for talking vary. One is that they are just so shit scared they are not in proper control. This is very hard to overcome (no one knows the absolute terror till they've felt it) but it is good to imagine yourself in the situation and practice not saying anything, except your name and address if you are asked. See if your friends can break you down.

Other people talk because they are afraid that refusing to talk gives the impression of being guilty. The squad will be almost certain, in their infinite concern for your welfare, to tell you that if you are innocent there is no harm in talking. The answer to that is that if you are innocent there is no harm in keeping quiet. In any case, this is written for the guilty. They will also use the line that even if you are guilty you will get off much more lightly if you cooperate. The answer to this is that if you cooperate you are much more unlikely to get all altogether, and that if you are going to go down, the time to cooperate is after you've spoken to a good lawyer, and not before. The probation officer is the one to cooperate with. He will have much more effect on your sentence than the squad ever will.

You certainly will not be punished in court for refusing to talk to the squad. Your lawyer may very well advise you to make a written statement, which he will discuss with you before the squad sees it, and which will naturally give a perfectly innocent explanation for any suspicious circumstances which have come to the notice of the squad. The squad very probably won't want this statement, but keep a copy of it yourself in case you come to court. If they've refused to accept it, and if you've made no verbal statement at all, it will not be so easy for them to fabricate a case against you. There is an excellent reason for even innocent people not talking to the squad. This is that everything you say may be remembered without taking it down, twisted, even invented, and used as evidence against you. Anyone who has had close dealings with the squad knows that at least some of them are absolute barefaced liars in court. This is something you can't guard against completely, but if you say nothing whatever it is harder for them to twist and invent it. This leads to a further obvious point. The moment the squad appears, surround yourself with as many witnesses as possible. It is unfortunate that even if you do this, the court is likely to believe the squad rather than your friends, but at least it will make them hesitant to go in for wholesale lying.

Another reason for not answering questions is that you will probably be asked several harmless questions, and answer them quite happily, then suddenly there is one you don't want to answer, which is going to look very odd. And if your answers are not the absolute truth, you are bound to be caught in an inconsistency a lot sooner than you think. Leave fabrication to the squad. It will only get you deeper in. It's not clever, in this context, to invent plausible explanations. Explanations are to be left to a statement approved by your lawyer, or the court.

The biggest hurdle is the first question. It is a natural response to answer whenever you are asked a question, but once you have ignored a few, if you can also ignore the circus that will be put on by the squad, it will get easier. After a while you may even get a sense of power, because it will become apparent that whatever they can do, they can't make you talk, which is one thing they want very badly to do. In answer to any question just say 'I am giving nothing but my name and address', and don't be drawn into anything else at all, except the names of other occupants of the house if the squad has a warrant. Refusing to give information is not obstruction, and if they say it is tell them you know it is not. They will use all kinds of techniques to get you to talk—bullying, (possibly including hitting you, though they are careful about that now and will probably restrict themselves to your stomach where it is painful without leaving a mark, and that only if you are brown skinned or definitely lower class) being friendly, alternating 'nice' members of the squad with 'nasty' ones, getting angry (in fact or pretence), indeed the whole interrogation box of tricks, including locking up if they have enough to arrest you on. That is when people get really low. Everything looks black, and there is nobody on your side. You've just got to hold out till you can get a lawyer, which shouldn't be more than a few hours, though if they arrest you in the evening, it may be next day. It is highly desirable, if you don't have a lawyer, to see one and get him to agree to come to you in jail if it should ever be necessary.

TECHNICALITIES

The squad practices their game every day, so in one way they have a big advantage. Your advantage is that your game, though very difficult, is simple. Just keep quiet. It's like the hedgehog and the fox. The fox knows many things but the hedgehog knows one big thing, and the fox will never get the hedgehog unless he makes the mistake of letting his defences down. Even if you are guilty as hell and have

been caught red handed, keep quiet. People have got off on amazing technicalities, and it's not going to do you any good to talk. The squad is not made of nice people and they'll get you every possible way they can even if you give them your full cooperation. And talking may help to incriminate not only yourself but your friends. It's not a good idea to talk to them even if you meet them in the pub. They don't come there for nothing, and it's very easy to let some apparently harmless piece of information slip without realising its implications.

As well as lying in court, the squad will lie to you. A favourite trick is to tell you a friend or acquaintance has told them you got grass from them or sold it to them, or implicated you in some other way. In at least nine cases out of ten this is completely untrue, and even if it is true you don't do any harm by keeping quiet.

If the squad arrives where you live with a warrant, read it carefully, and as calmly as you can under the circumstances. It will be a warrant to search particular premises. If they want to take you off somewhere to search other premises, the same warrant will not entitle them to do it unless the other premises are specified. If they do not have a warrant, make them cite the narcotics act, which they can be obliged to do before entering, and check up later to see if they have made the necessary report on using the act this way, to be tabled in parliament. This will make the hesitant to search unless they have good grounds for suspicion, whereas if you are nice to them and let them in without having a warrant or citing the act, they need not have any grounds for suspicion at all. You let them in of your own free will (under heavy but completely intangible pressure) so they have not done anything outside the due process of the law. The squad claims that it hardly ever has to cite the act, and therefore, by implication, that the act is not being abused, and parliament must get the impression that it is used very little. This is for no other reason than that people are always letting them in without citing it. Another point is, don't let them take you away for questioning unless they arrest you. You are not going to answer questions anyway. If you are arrested you obviously have to go, but still don't answer any questions. Just in case they get in with an offer before your lawyer arrives, never agree to plead guilty on one charge if they let you off another. This offer simply means they don't think they have enough evidence to get convictions on both charges, and probably not on either.

PRIVACY

So much for what to do when the squad comes. But you'll save yourself a lot of trouble if you observe a few simple rules before it comes. Never have any grass, or smoke any grass, in your own room. Never smoke where you can be seen through a window. Always keep the doors locked when you smoke. As long as there are two of you (but preferably more) they can't pin it on you even if they find an unfinished joint in the room. This is all very well if you are in a shared flat, but if you are in your own home or in one of which you have exclusive use you'll probably go down if they find anything anywhere at all, so keep it somewhere else if possible (eg. in the neighbour's garden) smoke in the bathroom, and put it down the plughole if you think it's the squad at the door—Don't flush it down the toilet. It mightn't go. Not having anything in your own room or anywhere that it can be pinned on you alone, such as a locker, is a very obvious rule, but many people have gone down by ignoring it. Some people think it's not worth smoking if you have to be careful, but when they get caught they wish they had taken more care. The days when you could smoke in your front sitting room with the door unlocked are about two years ago. Now you have to be more careful, but provided care is taken there is no need to be afraid, and there is a certain satisfaction in outwitting them, as one who has outwitted them a considerable number of times can testify. When they miss stuff under their noses, and when you can carry on smoking during a period of intensive visiting without feeling paranoid, that feels pretty good. But if it happens to you, don't let it make you careless.

This is written primarily for smokers of marihuana. I have heard a number of people critical of students campaigning for the legalisation of marihuana without pointing out the dangers of addictive drugs at the same time. I think this criticism is justified, and I would like to add my warning here. The campaign against marihuana is mostly lies, and a lot of that against addictive drugs is too. It does not follow that everyone who tries them becomes addicted. But a significant proportion do, and being an addict for many people is absolute hell. My opinion is that it is foolish ever to try addictive drugs at all. I have seen more than one person who had no intention whatever of doing anything more than see what they were like end up an addict.

For obvious reasons the author does not give his name.

STATE OF THE UNION : LACK CONT.

2. 1% A.I.D. was a popular cause last year—we pledged 1% of our income to overseas aid, urged the Government to follow our lead, encouraged individual students to participate, and collected donations at bursary time. The Government ignored our calls, and twelve months later we might as well have never made the policy—we have reneged on our promise of support and consequently have made no further attacks on Government.

3. We feel that 'a community-wide programme of drug education' is desirable and support the legalization of marijuana. These decisions were first made at a General Meeting in 1969 and were reaffirmed by the S.R.C. a fortnight ago. In the interim we have written a few letters to Government and newspapers, and various students have made submissions to the Blake-Palmer Commission and the Medical Research Council. We made no attempt to keep the Government or the community interested in the subject, which they were for a few days following the 'Students Vote for Hemp' headline. At present there is a growing public concern about drug abuse, and we could do a lot worse than to join Mr Holmes campaign, though emphasizing our point of view where we happen to differ. Bill Rudman last year wrote an excellent article on marijuana which appeared in these very pages; reprinted in booklet form and distributed round Auckland it would do much to dispell some of the many fallacies surrounding marijuana, though I hope we could add a chapter or two on the dangers of misuse of various other drugs. There we have the basis of our own programme of drug education, which could just stir the Government into action.

4. Last year we made a grand gesture by donating \$1,000.00 towards the establishment of a Maori Research Centre at the University of Waikato. Just think of that. Ten whole cents from each of us. We even passed a nice motion explaining why we thought the establishment of the centre was vital to the country's survival. We haven't bothered to follow it up, or to press the Government to take a stand.

PIOUSNESS

All this makes pretty sick reading: the S.R.C. makes pious pronouncements on what is wrong with the country, and that is as far as they get: it is hardly surprising that the Government lends no credence to our views when we cannot even enact them within our own organization. I have been accused of naivety for describing New Zealand as a democracy, but I believe it to be true: the country is ruled more or less according to the wishes of the majority: our misfortune is that we happen to belong to the minority on a lot of our beliefs. The Government will not introduce changes unless it is sure they are desirable. Thus there are only two ways we are ever going to be able to get our policies put into effect: by convincing the Government that they are in the Country's best interests, or by convincing that they are what they want. We will only achieve either of these aims if we are able to present a concise and reasonable argument in support of our policy, and if we keep on pushing it until we achieve success. On an important matter like drug education I have already suggested that we might distribute a carefully written booklet on the subject and join with other interested groups in keeping up public interest by means of a steady flow of letters and articles in their daily newspapers. On a smaller matter like persuading Government to vote for Red China's admission to the United Nations Organization, all that is required is an initial detailed letter to Government followed by regular reminders.

To present our national policies in a reasonable way is not going to require a vast amount of money or labour—indeed the International Affairs Committee have shown us what can be achieved by dedicated people with a limited budget. Possibly the S.R.C. should consider setting up a National Affairs Committee I don't know—but it is pointless passing policies if we are unable to back them up.

CONCLUSION

In Craccum 7, I tried to indicate the Association's serious financial position, and suggested that we must devote some thought to finding new sources of revenue, and must re-evaluate our objectives and present commitments. In the interim, the S.R.C. has tried to emulate a benevolent fund to save their collective conscience, but they have yet to find a new source of the money they spend so freely. Hence we are heading for a staggering financial loss—already being estimated as high as \$20,000.00 by some pessimists.

This need not happen if we stop now and try and work out just what we want to do in the world, then work out the best way to achieve it. In any re-evaluation of objectives, the Association's main concern must continue to be its members and their immediate field of concern—education. But it is my belief that a University has a duty to do more for its members than to inculcate them with a matrix from the past to enable them to function in society as junior businessmen. While it may not be possible to teach a creative attitude, it is possible to encourage independent thought. The Association has tried to encourage such thinking, and that it has succeeded to a degree is shown by the very fact that we have policy, which varies from the Government line. Thought is not a self justifying entity—it exists only as a prelude to action. We have thought and we continue to think—let us also act.

I finish as I began by apologizing for using up so much valuable Craccum space with a rave on the Association. I re-iterate though, that at present we can claim to be nothing more than a service organization and that if we wish to become anything more—be it an organized service organization or a credible socio-political pressure group—it will be only achieved by the active and constructive participation of the members. If you don't like where we're at, then get stuck in: join a committee, go to general meetings, or do anything constructive. Just stop your bloody moaning unless you are willing and able to do better than the present regime.

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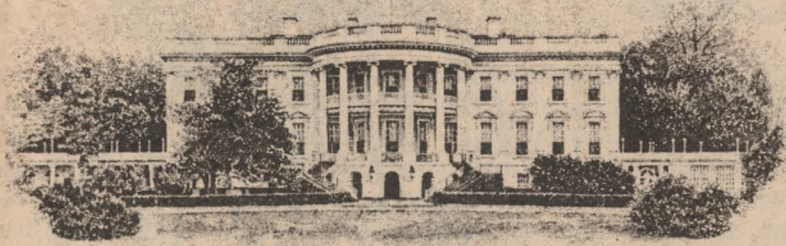
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Dave's Desk

Members of the Shadow Exec have recently made the social scene in a big way. Several of us gate-crashed the royal garden party in Government House grounds, and were surprised to find out that the Students' Association had promised the City Council that students would not interfere with the proceedings; how come we never heard about this?

Otherwise it was very pleasant, mixing socially with the cream of Auckland Society, and it was very interesting that members of the royal party seemed to prefer to talk to us than to all the 'important' people who dressed up for the occasion. Lord Auckland, for instance, climbed out of his car and made a bee line for Bob Hillier, only to be directed away by the Mayor, Mr Robinson. He met Bob later, however, and told Bob that he was sick of all the hangers-on, on the fringe of the social scene; he said he was really an ordinary clerk, and it was refreshing to talk to somebody real at such a stuffed function.

Princess Alexandra too, made a point of ignoring all the big wigs and talking to students. She saw Bruce Kirkland and asked him if he would get into trouble missing his lectures, to which Bruce replied, "oh, no. Royalty always exempts one on such occasions". Bruce also facetiously assured her that she was tops on the campus.

Bob Hillier told the princess that he intended to visit "jolly old England" some time in the future. They talked about the April 30 Mobilization, and Bob informed her that the City Council had banned demonstrations in the city on Friday nights, to which Alexandra turned to an embarrassed Robbie and said 'naughty, naughty'.

I too met the Princess, who ignored all the elderly matrons gathered around her, to come over and say hello. We had a lengthy chat about music, and I told her I would see her at the ball. She said she had especially asked the mayor to invite students to the ball, and was pleased I was going. It's quite strange then that the Students' Association only received three tickets to the ball, but lots of law students were present, which led me to suspect that our city fathers had made sure that only the right type of student was invited.

At the ball I was very hurt that the Princess virtually ignored me, when I said 'hi' to her on the dance floor; it makes you wonder how genuine she really is, doesn't it? However, her husband Mr Ogilvy was very sweet; he smiled at me and sarcastically asked me why I was wearing such a strange

outfit; I told him that I had terrible legs. The Mayoress, his dancing partner, said she liked my outfit, to which I replied; "thank you I don't think your's is too bad either". The Mayoress blushed.

We had two unpublished, though successful demonstrations on Friday April 23rd. Firstly Pipisoc liberated the women's common room; you know, that nicely furnished little area on the first floor of the Union, next to House Committee, reserved solely for females. I had been in there several times previously and got pissed off with the attitude of the people in there which was extremely anti-social, to say the least. About fifty PipeSoc members rolled up at lunchtime, and we held a meeting there. Bridget Marsh, Black Lung Women's Representative, made a brief speech, saying how she hated the type of women who frequented the place, as they would never hope to meet people if they persisted in locking themselves away in segregated places such as this. We then declared that the Women's Common Room, was now a general common room. Reaction was widespread, a lot of girls left, several complained about us interfering with their right to work, a few sat amused, and one or two even came up afterwards to say how pleased they were that we had done something about it.

That night we held a party in the common rooms which culminated in a spontaneous demonstration against the Grads Bar. About sixty of us lined up outside, singing songs such as "The Grad's bar boys are on the piss again", and clapped the members as they left. The dicks up there panicked and two security men were called in to prevent us from storming the place. An anonymous grad bar member addressed the crowd, telling us that our actions were not good for "the club", as Members would not come along if "this sort of thing went on every Friday". We intend to follow this up next term with similar meetings so be sure to come along, and join in the fun.

PRESIDENT
DAVE NEUMESEN

That was the night that was

"His Worship the Mayor and the Councillors of the City of Auckland have the honour to invite . . . "These were the magic words over a week of Centennial Celebrations, separating the sheep from the goats one might say. Nobody denied that the culmination of these events was the prestigious Centennial Ball and all the Mayor's horses and all the Mayor's men assembled—the social elite of Auckland into the Town Hall to witness the pomp and splendour that heralded 100 years of Auckland's foremost bureaucracy. The fairy Godmother waved her wand and royalty was present and one can only describe the scene as orgasmic.

However, by some misfortune, costume and from the first note three students were invited (and partners) and I may report to you they certainly did not detract from the beauty of the occasion. Mr David Neumegen and his partner Miss Brigitte Marsh, were resplendent in their period

brilliant cherry with a flourish of

Humble Cottage OR ANY OTHER FINGER PIE

WHAT'S IN A CAPPING BOOK TILSTONE BRIGHT

Maybe you are wondering what Capping Book is about this year. Maybe you've already looked through it. Maybe you didn't even raise a laugh.

The Editor had read somewhere in his confused conditions of appointment that he was to produce a book of a predominantly satirical nature. His mind is still no doubt confused as to whether he was to 'produce', 'edit' or 'rip out of thin air' in the two weeks finally left to himself and the sixty four pages.

'Satire', that over-worked word, is (one supposes) the holding up to ridicule by showing something as it really is.

Capping Book appears to you, who has spotted the cover, as a spoof on the bible. Being possessed of an astute mind, you discover further through your reading of the 'Ten Commandments' (as amended) that your lip service Christian society is under attack.

You might go further and start thinking of Sir James Chump who is an influential hierarchical layman, pillar of his church, industrialist or businessman, muttering the 'thoughts of Jesus'. Sir James, a follower of Jesus, one might envisage reading the lesson and asking his brethren to give what they have to the poor and follow him (Jesus). It's all a bit complicated really, and not the sort of thing you get to laugh at. All a bit STRANGE (and no wonder, you've just bought a three course meal).

Ah, a quick race through those 64 pages . . . the Editor can't be serious, and many would agree

lace at the neckline. He carried a most enchanting innocent look on his face during the evening which was clearly enhanced by the work boots he wore, protruding from under his robes. Miss Marsh wore splendid Elizabethan dress, in tartan.

Another stunning couple were Mr and Mrs Jim Cook

Mr Cook in the family tradition sported a fine made famous by his great, great uncle Captain James Cook. Although ill at ease on the dance floor (again in the family tradition I believe), Mr Cook and his wife had the instant approval of all the invitees on this occasion, particularly those in the services, and Commissioner Austing of the N.Z. Police took special note of the rather flamboyant Cook. The arrival of the Cooks rivalled that of the royal couple and Mr Cook, brandishing a churchwarden Pipe (and a suspicious A.U. Pipe Society Badge), shook hands freely with the multitude assembled for the spectacle. Mrs Cook in a Vietnamese peasant dress (period costume) and sandals drew gasps of delight from the crowd as the flashlights of the Press Camera's highlighted her blushing beauty.

Mr Brent Lewis and partner looked rather plain. Mr Lewis was the only male present in an ordinary lounge suit and his presence was further desecrated by the fact that he wore a communistic red tie and a 'mobilize April 30th' badge. It was felt that this was not in the best of taste for an occasion of this sort.

The whole affair was simply splendid and one felt as Cinderella at the Princes Ball. The Symphonia of Auckland under the adroit hand of Mr Juan Matteucci stirred the hearts of all present. There was a plain emphasis on the works of Strauss,

with that conclusion. In a flash of inspiration you see clearly that the book is 200% satire . . . A Satire on Capping Books!

How can you satirize those old playboy jokes? Show them as they are of course, which logically meant the editor choosing only jokes that were in no way funny to him. You think it's easy to print an unfunny joke. Without arguing against such prejudice it is useless to go further, but look instead at the genius involved in the photo captions, not funny in themselves but attaining this in context with the illustration.

Oh well, let's look at the cartoons. No doubt you've had a bit of trouble understanding the underground Komik strips in Craccum and other 'leftie' publications. Capping Book is quite pointed here. Most of these cartoons, you've been told, are a mind-expanding thing. There is no story, moral or logical consequence but you can follow the artist's mind from one drawing to the next.

This year's editors took a further step as part of their brilliant satire. From a story in pictures to a notation of thought and NOW totally in the realm of thought, Yes, you are actually seeing comic strips that are still in the mind. No doubt next year you will have fore-knowledge of this and won't have to buy the magazine to appreciate its content.

surpassed only by Francis Green and Lloyd Humby's rendition of Puccini's 'Lovely Maid in the Moonlight'. Refreshments were in the form of a sparkly fruit punch, which guests generally agreed was as weak as cat's piss. Soloist Pauline-Anne Groul reached startling heights in 'Mr Hero' by Oscar Shames, and Mr Cook, student, was seen to blaspheme as his glass shattered. The minuet and the ballet—Pas D'Alexandra were unbelievable and one could excuse the spectator if he drifted off into old Vienna. So fine was the production that Princess Alexandra was rumoured to have said—"These bloody colonials certainly know where it's at". So gracious was her Royal Highness.

The highlight of the evening. No, not the Princess and Angus; not Robbie with his nose in the Princess' cleavage as he whirled her around the floor; not the Society Jazzmen as they played Woodchoppers Ball and Everybody loves Saturday Night; certainly not the supper; no I would say the highlight was when Mr Neumegen divided his coat to reveal the famed Superman outfit carefully concealed until he made this Cinderella-like gesture. The floor cleared as Mr Neumegen, a man possessed, did the Turkey Trot to the well known song Roses of Picardy. The charade was completed as Mr Neumegen did a Super-Cinderella exit, in stupendous stride, up the Town Hall steps, and down Queen St to the nearest telephone box. What a finale to a splendid evening thoroughly enjoyed by the Students Association Representatives, who acquitted themselves like true gentlemen.

A retired colonel decked in hard won medals summed it all up for us. "Just a pack of . . . louts".

BRUCE KIRKLAND

Arts Fac & A the reps

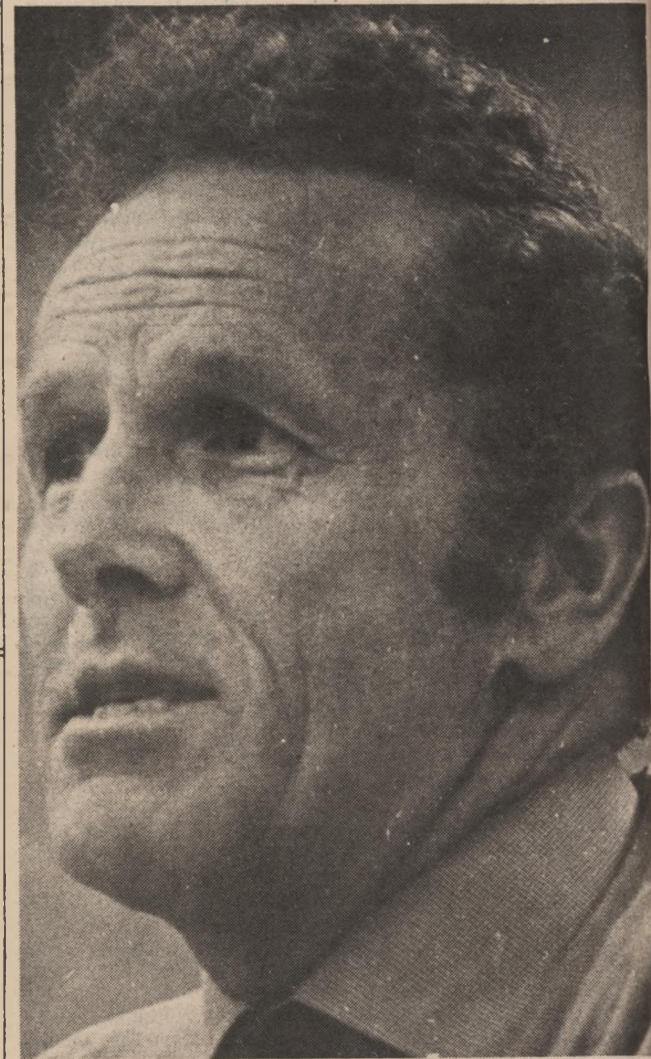
KERRY HAND

The meeting opened with a discussion on an increase in the number of student reps on Faculty from the present four. Professor McNaughton after being reminded and prodded by students, proposed that the number be increased to eight. This move had been put forward last year but decision had been delayed until the report of The committee on University Government. When this report did not appear the proposal was bought forward again. At this point some of the student reps supported the principle that a student from each department should be on faculty. It was obvious from the one of the meeting that this situation would have "blown their minds" so a compromise situation was arrived at as a temporary measure at least.

The main business of the meeting was the discussion of the changes in the B.A. structure. One being a combined unit system the other a Paper system. This discussion took the bulk of the meeting and the points raised will be made later.

At 11.30 the time it had been previously decided a vote would be taken to decide to delay the final decision (decisions decisions aaaaaaah) until June or July. If this decision was made it would mean that the Paper system or the Modified Unit system could not be introduced until 1973. The students Reps were in a difficult position, if they decided to delay the decision student opinion could be canvassed and students could be made more aware of what was happening. The alternative was that new systems could be instituted with the minimum of consultation with students. Final decision was delayed.

In the meanwhile a meeting of all Arts Faculty class reps will be held during the second week of the second term. Education Committee will be running teachins during the first and second weeks to keep students informed of what is happening. It is now over to the student body to get informed by talking to their class reps. By prodding these reps to explain to them the decisions they are being asked to make.



McNaughton . . . took some prodding

ADDENDA TO KERRY HAND'S ARTICLE ON THE FACULTY MEETINGS

It should be stressed that a motion has been passed delaying any decision on the B.A. Restructure does not entitle us to rest on our laurels. Rather it places an onus on us to take advantage of the reprieve we have been granted: To inform ourselves as a student body irrespective of association policy, of the relative merits of the two proposed alternative systems. Then to form an opinion and to make it down to our department representatives, whose duty it is to convey it to faculty.

We have been given our democratic right . . . for Christ's sake let's use it.

PETER CALDER

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A storm in a tea pot

D.J. HARVEY

In the past three months twenty-six people have been prosecuted and convicted of offences relating to the smoking, possession, cultivation and supply of marijuana.

This was reported in the Auckland Star on Tuesday January 26 1971. Statistics were given relating to other drugs but the largest number related to marijuana. Why marijuana?

Marijuana (or grass, pot, tea, Mary Jane) and a host of other nicknames is a preparation of flowering tops, leaves, seeds and stems of the female plants of cannabis sativa. The plant looks like a scrawny four to six foot nettle. The preparation is usually smoked, either in a pipe or in hand-rolled cigarettes known as "joints". The intoxicating matter may be found in a resin excreted by the tops of the plants. The active ingredient in the resin is a compound thought to be tetrahydrocannabinol (T.H.C.)

Marijuana may also be taken by ingestion or by intravenous injection. However, intravenous use and ingestion may lead to hospitalisation as indicated by a recent report in the Journal of the American Medical Association (January 4, 1971). The report emphasises that out of nine hospitalisations in 1970 associated with marijuana use, there were no fatalities. In fact, there has not been one report of death anywhere as a direct result of marijuana use.

Marijuana has been classed as a mild hallucinogen, although hallucinations are only one of the many effects of the drug that can result. Dr Andrew Malcolm, Staff Physician with the Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario classed marijuana as an illusionogen and places L.S.D. in the same category. Dr Malcolm proposes that illusionogens can stimulate a chemically induced altered state of consciousness.

There are, however, other effects of marijuana, such as increased heart-rate. Distortion of time perception is a very noticeable effect of the drug and "a sensation of exquisite lightness and airiness ... a wonderfully keen sense of the ludicrous in the most simple and familiar objects ... "Euphoria, reduction of fatigue and relief from tension are also experienced. However, there is no increase in pupil size and there are no significant alterations in blood-sugar content.

Dr Joel Fort, consultant on drug addiction to the World Health Organisation says "It (cannabis) is a valuable pleasure-giving drug probably much safer than alcohol." Marijuana does not change basic personality structure of individuals. It cuts down inhibitions which results in latent thoughts and emotions being brought to the surface. But it does not evoke responses which would be alien to the individual. Marijuana induces a feeling of self-confidence in the smoker. However, this is expressed more in thought than in performance.

Weil, Zinberg and Carlsen in their study of the Clinical and Physiological Effects of Marijuana on Man (Science Vol.162 December 1968) conclude that smoking marijuana results in a mild form of intoxication. Perhaps this is the best description of the effects of Marijuana.

THEORIES AND MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT MARIJUANA

Misconceptions abound about marijuana. This is due to two things—improper education about the drug and lack of scientific research, although the latter is being dealt with, at least in the United States where marijuana use has been described as the experience of a generation.

Marijuana is not an opiate such as morphine or heroin, nor is it properly described as a narcotic. In fact, it has nothing in common with the opiates. Opiates produce a physical dependence. Marijuana does not. A physical withdrawal sickness occurs when the use of opiates is discontinued. No such symptoms are found with marijuana. At worst it is merely habit-forming, like tobacco. Doses of opiates tend to increase over a length of time due to a build-up in tolerance to the drug. This is not so with marijuana. Both can lead to a state of psychic or psychological dependence, but this is true of any substance that tends to alter the state of consciousness. Therefore, classification of marijuana with the opiates is inappropriate scientifically, although it is interesting to note that Parliament, in its wisdom, in the Narcotics Act 1965 provides the same penalties for possession, use and "pushing" of marijuana as it does for heroin.

Another misconception on the part of the illinformed is that marijuana is addictive. It is not. The 1944 La Guardia Report which was at its publication controversial, but now generally accepted by the American Medical Profession, says that marijuana is not a drug of addiction comparable with morphine, and if tolerance is acquired, it is to a very limited degree. Also the report concluded "those who have been smoking marijuana for a period of years showed no mental or physical deterioration which may be attributed to the drug."

Dr J.H. Jaffe was quoted in the London "Times" (July 1967) as saying "there are no lasting effects from the use of marijuana."

Dr Anthony Storr in the "Times" February 1967 said "Marijuana is not a drug of addiction and is medically speaking, less harmful than alcohol or tobacco ... it is generally smoked in the company of others and its chief effects seem to be an enhanced appreciation of music and colour together with a feeling of relaxation and peace ... there is no hangover nor, as far as is known, any deleterious physical effect."

Guy's Hospital Gazette 1965 says "the available evidence shows that marijuana is not a drug of addiction and has no harmful effects. (The problem of Marijuana) has been created by an uninformed society rather than by the drug itself."

There is a theory that the use of Marijuana leads to the use of "heavy" drugs, such as amphetamines and heroin. It is true that the use of these drugs has been associated with marijuana in some instances, but their use has not been directly attributed to marijuana. It is one thing to make an ill-informed allegation; it is another to offer conclusive proof. Dr James Fox stated in 1966, "I think we can now say that Marijuana does not lead to degeneration, does not affect the brain cells and does not lead to heroin addiction." In fact, a recent article in the Journal of the American Medical Association indicated that electroencephalogram tests showed that marijuana had very little effect on higher cortical activity.

In fact most of the authorities go so far as to say that the smoking of marijuana is no more harmful than the smoking of tobacco and that marijuana, when used in the usual way, i.e. smoking, is much less dangerous than alcohol and in the long run, much less toxic than tobacco.

Those who would say that marijuana does lead to hard drug use are basing their theory upon the fact that marijuana, in most reported cases is associated with harder drugs. However, this theory is based on incomplete evidence. The only statistics available to the public are those derived from Court prosecutions and hospitalisations. In most cases, the hard drug user started out on marijuana or had marijuana in the early stages of his abuse. What is not taken into account is the vast

unknown grey area of marijuana users who do not come before the Courts and who do not progress to harder drugs but who are content to use marijuana and marijuana only. I should think that the majority of these users are not known to the Police, the Courts or the hospitals and are content to use marijuana knowing the dangers and possible addiction inherent in hard drug abuse.

However, an argument in favour of the theory is that the harmlessless of marijuana can, as a result of improper education, result in young people taking harder drugs. Since it is accepted that marijuana is not harmful, young people may be led to believe that L.S.D. amphetamines and opiates are not as harmful as the authorities would have us believe, and so they use them. They conclude that because the authorities are wrong about marijuana and are leading them up the garden path, then they must be doing the same with hard drugs. This factor could justify the theory to some extent but it must be emphasised again that there is no medical evidence that the use of marijuana can lead to the physical need to use harder drugs. Studies have proved that most heroin addicts have been users of alcohol and tobacco as well as marijuana. There is no evidence that marijuana is more likely than alcohol and tobacco to lead to the use of heavy narcotics.

A further theory is that the use of marijuana incites people to criminal behaviour. However, in an intensive study of the problem in Manhattan, New York, it was found that there were no cases of murder or sexual crime due to marijuana that could be established. However, the marijuana user is driven to associate with the criminal elements and criminal organisations to obtain supplies of the drug. These suppliers often handle supplies of heavy drugs in addition to marijuana.

Since the possession, use and cultivation of marijuana is a punishable offence under the Narcotics Act 1965, a convicted offender is branded a criminal and because the offence is a "drug offence", a far blacker social stigma is cast upon him than, say, if he were found drunk in a public place.

It is disheartening to consider, in the light of what I have already said about marijuana, that an offender can suffer social ostracism, loss of liberty, employment and future, all for a conviction involving what appears to be a relatively mild and innocuous intoxicating substance.

Most marijuana users in New Zealand have not been in serious trouble before. It cannot be denied that substantial costs (not only monetary) are suffered in exposing the offender to hardened criminals.

As Dr John Kaplan, professor, School of Law, Stanford University in California says, "It is essential to report the damage and effectiveness of our criminal law." Kaplan, after an extensive search of research literature stated that marijuana is almost certainly no more harmful to the individual or to society than is alcohol, and it is likely that marijuana is less so.

Kaplan feels that licensing the sale of marijuana is no more inconceivable than as the licensing of alcohol ten years before the end of Prohibition in the United States. This leads to the next point:

LEGALISATION OF MARIJUANA

In 1969 the Student's Association at the University voted on whether steps should be taken to legalise marijuana. Although the motion was not carried, the voting was close. Also this was basically an academic exercise in New Zealand, the question of legalisation of Marijuana is being given careful consideration among many groups in the United States. Some believe that legalisation will be a reality in five years, and it is rumoured that some cigarette companies are already investigating the manufacture, packaging and marketing of marijuana joints. In New Zealand it may be surmised that considerable opposition will come from the breweries who, naturally enough, would want to maintain their hold on the intoxication market.

Legalisation at this point in time poses many problems, not the least among them being distribution and control. Because, unlike alcohol, marijuana can be grown, a problem would be encountered if legalisation were to proceed along the lines of the licensing and distribution of alcohol. Should we legalise possession, cultivation and use of marijuana completely? At this stage I think not. A licensing system as proposed by Dr Kaplan could impose standards of quality, potency, price and taxation, the last factor which should be of interest to any government. Sales to minors could be regulated in much the same way as liquor is at present. Licensing would also restrict and inhibit the underground market which poses such a problem today.

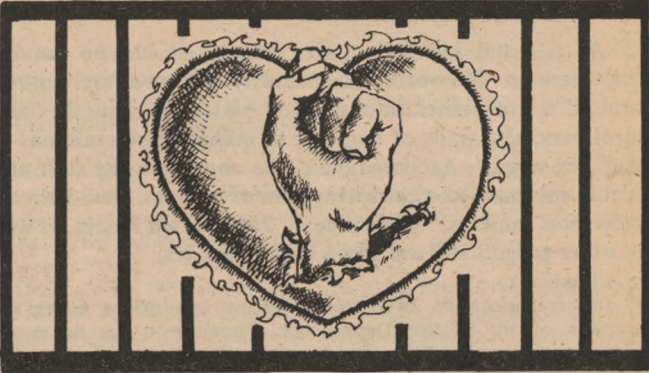
Of course availability could lead to increased use, but such use is not as harmful as the opponents of legalisation would have us believe. Apart from the fallacies, some of which are described above, about marijuana, there is, I think, an inbred puritanical attitude in most of the opponents. Escapism is thought to be bad, they say, as they read their entertaining novels, or follow the fantasies put before them on the television screen or radio, or as they go to the latest James Bond movie. These are all forms of escapism, which are accepted, and recognised as such. Alcohol, the addictive drug which causes so much trouble in our society is accepted. It is good for the wheels of commerce and for relaxed social entertainment, away from the realities of the hum-drum everyday life.

But I believe that before the problem of legalisation is faced, the problem of research and education must be solved. At present, there appears to be no research in New Zealand into the effects of marijuana, harmless or otherwise.

Marijuana use is increasing. Research must be done. The first thing that must be done is to establish independent research in New Zealand into the effects of marijuana upon the human being. The research must be directed at finding out about the drug and then determining its harmlessless or otherwise. The results of this research must then be made available to the public, and the present misconceptions about the drug must be confirmed or disproved. Then, and only then, can the question of legalisation be properly considered.

At present I am concerned about the increased use of marijuana resulting in the appearance of young offenders before the Courts. I am concerned that our laws are based upon what appear to be, in the light of overseas research, gross misconceptions and lack of understanding of a substance that is wrongly branded a narcotic.

This concern has led me to read about and find out about marijuana and to write this article in the hope that something will be done to find out more about marijuana and present the public with concrete facts based on solid scientific foundations, rather than allow our society and authorities to adopt misconceptions and emotion-laden fallacies for their approach to, and justification for, a problem, for which, by their very attitudes, they must be held, and are, responsible.



The media in New Zealand, seems intent upon ridiculing or misrepresenting Womens Liberation out of existence;

With its Bra Burning, Man Hating obsession, the media is generating opposition and hostility to the Movement on largely irrelevant grounds.

Radio Hauraki, for example, had this piece of irrelevancy as NEWS:

A bra flying over London had the words Womens Lib scrawled all over it. A caretaker, taking it down, offered it to some girls, but it was too small for them. If this is any indication of Womens Lib. commented the sage caretaker, then I don't think much of it.

Asked to justify this biased non event in terms of impartiality and newsworthiness, Hauraki's News Editor was able only to splutter: "If you hang a bra somewhere in Auckland. we'll make that news too".

Such isolated aberrations as flying bras in London become elevated into generalised attitudes enabling the Sunday News to write a story, last week, on Mens attitudes to Womens Liberation.

Clearly, not one of the gentlemen interviewed had any notion of what Womens Liberation in New Zealand was on about. All they were responding to was a jumble of American Imported Stereotypes and Cliches, irrelevant in the New Zealand context. They were, in short, totally ignorant of what they were so facetiously dismissing.

Alternatively the press merely reveals disguised Patriarchal prejudices. An entire Centennial Supplement, looking at all facets of Auckland in the 20th century was written exclusively by men, and even failed to mention the future status of women in the 20th century.

Will the species become extinct? Or does their future not bear contemplating. Or is this oversight simply another manifestation of the unimportance that is generally attached to the status of women in New Zealand.

The Herald's own centennial speciality, Great Personages in Auckland, featured 99.99% men in its endless bibliographies.

Yet both papers, presumably, are complacent that they are catering for the female reader. They will point happily to the Womens Pages, those safely Middle Class pages, steeped in trivia and unreality, excluding any reference to poverty, discontent or public affairs, catered to divert the New Zealand housewife from serious thought into a fantasy world of endless superficiality.

The recent Media and Dissent Conference, had it not been predominated by men, could have seized upon these numerous anomalies as undisputable examples of the bias of the New Zealand press. Is it not time for the Media to cease being merely reflectors of public prejudice, pandering to public demand for the sensational and the perverse, exclusively concerned with advertising and revenue? The state of the media in New Zealand is all very depressing, especially for minorities which challenge the status quo. Like 16th century martyrs they know they will be slandered and abused, simply because of the nature of the press.

SUSAN KEDGLEY

TITMAN

THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT DENIES ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE INVITATION TO CLARK TITMAN TO SPEAK AT FORUM ON THURSDAY, APRIL 29.

CONCERNING THE INDO-CHINESE WAR AND THE NATIONAL ANTI-WAR CONFERENCE; S.C.M. WAS CLOSELY INVOLVED IN THE ORGANISATION OF THE CONFERENCE, AND S.C.M. WISHES TO REITERATE ITS EMPHATIC DECLARATION OF OPPOSITION TO ALLIED INVOLVEMENT IN THE WAR.

Christopher Bede
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DARBY STREET
HELP US OUTSELL JESUS

As a penal institution re: security, it has no parallel anywhere in the world. The security measures are centred around a conglomeration of steel plates, steel meshes and steel bars; also walls of concrete of millions upon millions of tons, in weight. Accompanying the above are the staff and highly mechanised electrical system of buzzers, closed circuit television cameras, "magic eyes", 2 electrified fences, as well as other gadgets still unknown to the inmates.

Cleanliness

In comparison to other New Zealand institutions under the auspices of the Justice Department, Paremoremo has no equal. Clothing shower facilities, meals, all enclosed rooms and cells, passageways and stairways, recreation halls etc.

As a Place of Residence

The environment cannot be recommended to other fellow inmates of other penal institutions. The tension is electric; outbursts of anger due to frustration and pent up emotion are many-very many. Due to all factors listed and not listed, many inmates have been transferred to the psychiatric hospital, Oakley, for (a) observation (b) treatment. It seems that in reference to the latter, there is no difference between the methods of treatment and conditions of the above hospital and Paremoremo. Oakley, too, is a hellhole.

Muster of Inmates

The muster fluctuated between 140-170. Of this total almost 50% were Maoris—including a smattering of Polynesians; the balance was composed of Europeans. The Maori population was not so startling nor was it a tragedy, until one compared the proportion of Europeans to Maoris throughout N.Z. According to statistics, for every aboriginal there are approximately 10 Europeans in this country which is synonymous with saying that if there were approximately 10 European lawyers or doctors or accountants, there should be one Maori to each of the above profession. This is not so. With such figures in mind the amount of Native inmates in Paremoremo and other institutions is quite fantastically startling, and in my opinion, a tragedy. We, the Maori, have a great many more members of our race in prisons than the Europeans. One then begins to wonder whether the Race is the most "criminally minded" Race in the world. Or perhaps—and keeping in mind the above average statistics on Maori inmates—magistrates and judges and such, are prejudiced when sitting in judgment on a Maori accused or at the time of sentence. Do the above officials understand the working mechanism of the Maori mind prior to during, and soon after the commission of a felony? I think not!

Accepting 1840 as a starting point with regards the advent of civilisation from the point of view of the European, the Maori has therefore only had about 151 years in which to adjust their lives and culture, in an endeavour to become civilised (?).

It must never be forgotten that such an imposed culture has been with and of, the European for many hundreds of years and yet the Maori race is expected to learn, absorb and accept all within the short time of 151 years; in practice and theory such a so-called fact becomes an impossibility.

THE MAORI RECIDIVIST

Numerous are the contributory factors leading up to his becoming a recidivist. He first becomes a lawbreaker—penalty, a fine or probation. Later if he offends again and is unlucky enough to be sentenced to a period of imprisonment he becomes a convict. Last of all, due to repeated offences usually of the same nature, he becomes a recidivist—"the two-or-more-times-visitor-into prisons, prisons as distinct from borstals.

There are as stated earlier numerous reasons why a Maori eventually could become a recidivist. Following are some factors: (a) inability to adjust from one culture to another (b) inability to adjust from a rural environment to that of an urban one. (c) socio-economic problems, mainly due to (d) lack of education (e) a deep-rooted distrust of Europeans (f) liquor, and parties, (g) shyness and a lack of knowledge of police interrogation and court procedures (h) a strong feeling of insecurity and/or an inferiority complex, when amongst strange Europeans (i) an in-born prejudice to Europeans, NOT because of COLOUR, but because of past deeds, eg. land confiscations and the known fact that many Europeans have a stereotype image of Maoris. There are other reasons too, but of the above (a-g) are the most important. There are many more grounds however; these listed are the first that come to mind.

Enlarging on (a) and (b): adjustment has been carried out by many Maoris but it must be kept in mind that I am referring only to the Maori recidivist. Re: (g) recidivists and other members of his race—more so for first offenders are completely unaware of their rights when interviewed by the Police Department, nor are they familiar with court procedures when appearing in court. He is unaware of his right to legal aid "free legal" aid that is if he should be a pauper, or of near pauper class.

All in all, he was born and passed through school receiving education from two sources, his parents and grandparents and from primary school—secondary, too, if fortunate enough to continue on. The bright lights with inspiring stories of good times to be had, employment and "flash clothes" all combine to inveigle him to the cities and main centres. On arriving, a dingy accommodation is taken. Sometimes he boards with relatives or perhaps former country friends. Place of employment is usually factories, road gangs and other jobs of a similar nature. For the first month, his attendance at work is excellent, his work record is second to none. In time, liquor intervenes and he drinks in moderation. Weekends only, does he attend parties. As time progresses, liquor consumption and party attendance increases eventually resulting in late attendance at work, days off, small wages, culminating in his getting the sack.

PAREMOR



Rock band outside Paremoremo, the walls di

A personal view of

THE MAORI AS AN INMATE

He is communalistic, a happier inmate than his European counterpart, more sentimental, a better practical worker, and in this prison he is on a par with Europeans with reference to education. He makes haste slowly, and in some instances he is slower than slow—perhaps this may be due to being over cautious for protective reasons. He, like his European counterpart, is suspicious of people, though to a lesser extent when such people are inmate friends relatives and trusted visitors. Trust in people comes into being after secretive and discreet research. Research entails determining the visitors' approach, to a lesser extent—appearance, but above all—genuineness.

The Maori inmate—and so too Maoris in general—is shy of non-Maoris, more so of European females. He has a stereotype view of many Europeans, and is often easily confused and not so objective when discussing the colour question. His heroes since WWII are centred around the 28th Maori Battalion, exponents of the rugby game, Maori entertainers, and tribal ancestral warriors. He is a Maori first, a Maori second—there is no third. He jealously identifies himself as a Maori. He is not mean; strong is his sympathy for Maori offenders, for he offends against the rules and regulations of a foreign society—not that of the Maori people. Maori inmates lack education, sophistication and finesse of the European; he has a low I.Q.—but this is only when such tests are centred around spheres outside of the culture of his race. He is meek and too, aggressive; he has pride and at times is a braggart. He is wary of informers of all races and is not in general an informer to penal authorities. Maori inmates, like all members of his race, are religious though not necessarily Christians. He thinks he hates but in reality he—dislikes! He is not a professional criminal when compared to his European counterpart. He is cheekily aggressive, "a smart aleck". He, like other members of his race, carries a chip or perhaps the whole tree on his shoulder. As an inmate he pays allegiance to (a) fellow Maori convicts (b) himself (c) all other prisoners. He tolerates Maori warders only because they are (a) Maori (b) a form of authority—he baits European warders. The Treaty of Waitangi is referred to with reverence and a "know-all" attitude, but actually his knowledge pertaining to all aspects of the Treaty is almost zero.

This occurs at other jobs, and in time his work habits deteriorate, until he is jobless. This then becomes the opening towards recidivism. To support himself financially, he gambles and indulges in petty thieving. In time, his thieving activities increase and the amounts grow. So does his spending sprees on liquor, cabs and loans "never mind about returning it mate." In time he is arrested and perhaps released on probation—if lucky. Many recidivists, and those who have appeared before Courts and not been imprisoned, have at one time or another been under the care of the Education Department, of the Child Welfare Branch.

BITTERNESS

Next time up—prison. A third, fourth, fifth time up, he becomes a fully fledged RECIDIVIST. HE BECOMES BITTER, institutionalised, uncooperative between self and authorities, and seeks peace of mind amongst prisoners of both races, Maoris first. He is clannish, devious and participates in all or most activities available to him, in prison. He reads books with the main themes based around the wild west, Maoriism, wars, sex and the exploits of the gangster world, fictional, though preferably non-fictional. He pursues education by way of the Correspondence School, although he is not extra dedicated to studies. He would love to be promoted to a higher class by the shortest method available, in conjunction with doing the least amount of

work. He is warily suspicious, slight comprehension. Many times, the negative view of the neg is to an extent, a vain wish with parents view as being too costly as well as a waste of time. Such is not so in all cases, but in many, counterpart offended when censored by and, too, remarks about his race, and especially if the non-coloured. At times he is a better person, his behaviour a thing of goodness on the circuit, mood, his personality is often me.

This article was handed to me by an ex-prison release from he must remain anonymous. Some of the nastiest part of the lon

EMOREMO



—Moorhead/Earwig

tside Paremo the walls did not fall

The Maori criminal and his crimes against society usually conform to a pattern, in that his offences are against property and to a lesser degree against the person. Let me clarify this statement: Maori crimes are centred mainly around the theft of property, car conversion and burglary. Rarely is the Maori arrested for sodomy, molesting or indecently assaulting small children, or other forms of sexual offences.

I believe, though I am not positive, that the Hunn Report of 1960 deals with the statistics of the above. Strange as it may seem, on reaching the age of 34–36, the Maori recidivist seems to give away crime; he rarely appears before a court for criminal activity. Maoris' ages in Paremoremo ranged, in my term, from about 20–30 years plus. Some Europeans on the other hand were in the 40–65 age group. Excluding borstals and penal institutions for females, almost all other institutions may have one or two Maoris between 32–60 years—recidivists that is.

I am not surprised at the figures I have quoted, in reference to the elder folks of both races. I say this because it is a known fact that when parents/grandparents of Europeans reach the so-called period of "old age" or show signs of "senility" they are sometimes placed in old folk's homes. Let's face it—they are rejected. Which brings me back to those Europeans in prisons throughout N.Z. It may be said although I stand to be corrected, that at least "they are off our hands and being cared for in prison". Maoris on the other hand cannot reject their elderly folks be they former criminals or not, by placing them in homes for old folks. Be a Maori home humble or stately, there resides his elderly folks amongst his issue or relatives. What may seem to be a form of rejection amongst Maoris but is actually a traditional sign of love and respect for elderly parents by adult issue is the giving of a second or third child to its grandparents. The main reason for such a habit is so as to enable the filling of the gap left by their issue who have become adults and have left to marry and reside elsewhere. Where parents have cared for their issue from babyhood till they marry and so depart the homestead, there remains a void which brings about sadness and listlessness. As both folks advance in years the void broadens to become a gulf. To rectify this matter, such people request their adult issue for a child to care and shower upon it love and affection, kindness and an overindulgence. However, there are setbacks in the child's life: in many instances, the child's education suffers due to many factors such as a hesitancy and lack of confidence when speaking English; inability to communicate with tutor, the grandparents view of education as being too costly as well as being a waste of time. Such thoughts are not so in all cases, but in most instances.

However, for the past 10–15 years such ideas of grandparents are

Gambling games were centred around—horse racing, bridge, chess, poker, inter-block activities (indoor basketball, table tennis, bowls) draughts and so on. Again, you do not cheat when playing for stakes.

Classification of Inmates by Inmates

Those most disliked and despised: 1. Informers. 2. Sexual offenders where children were involved. Re: those classified in the upper echelon: 1. Safeblowers. 2. Fugitives who have been on the run and have caused time and money to the police and public in general.

Restricted and Punishment Blocks.

A. The Pound. B. D Block

Dealing with the pound: This area is for offenders against penal regulations, e.g. refusing all so-called orders given by warders. Assaults against warders, the disfiguring and destruction of government property, refusing to shave or hurry when ordered to, obscene language towards warders and many other offences—there are many candidates. The area is a mass of steel bars etc, and concrete. Although it is a secluded area of the gaol, all and sundry are under the same roof. The diet consists of mashed potatoes, lard in bulk, a small portion of milk or a cup of tea; and if the sentence is lengthy a full meal every three days. Meals are as above, unless waived by a doctor—the inmate then receives full meals per day; this rarely occurs as the medical practitioner, was during my term—institutionalised.

D. Block

This area, this block, this wing, too is secluded. A number of the prison's hardest—in every sense of the word—men. Brutal assaults, noncooperation, aggressive attitudes were often the passport to D. Block.

To, or from exercise yards, or the shower, the collecting of meals, three warders acted as guards per man. They were always under very close security, and no two inmates could move from point to point unless they were outnumbered by warders. All in all, they were classified as being incorrigibles. In the recent incident involving some inmates and hostages, men from this area participated. All major assaults at Paremoremo have occurred in this block. Meals were normal, recreation was restricted, and many men there had originally started with periods of 3,4 or more years—many were then doing 6 or more years: not all, but many. They were not our heroes, however, they were still inmates who had our sympathy; they were our friends.

Drugs

If by drugs, one means sleeping medication and/or tranquilisers, then let me assure you that they were rife, R-I-F-E. There were other types too, this particular subject is too dangerous to talk about at present.

Recreation—Amusements

We saw movies twice a month in our large and modern gymnasium: one film was the Justice Department's circuit movie; the other was paid for by the inmates at three cents a week. There was the occasional talent quest and concert with star performers being inmates. We had three concerts from the outside world. On rare occasions we had visits from outside basketball, table tennis and bowls teams. We were keen radio fans and the stations received by the prison are 1YA for the more conservative type, 1ZM and 1ZB for those not so conservative, the young at heart. Radios and lights were off at 10.30 pm.

concrete and colour

slowly changing. As the child progresses onwards, so does his desire for a little more knowledge of beyond the beyond.

Relationships between Inmates and Warders

All in all, it is a cat and mouse game; one day the warder is the cat, other days he is the mouse. The warders represent authority; they are there to be baited, outwitted by fair or foul means. Depending on one's mood and circumstances, passive or aggressive methods may come into play to gain satisfaction for trivial or important matters. As stated previously, Maori inmates tolerate, but are still wary of Maori warders. European warders are despised by all inmates. Inmates cooperate for gain, whereas warders are looked upon as sadists and loathed puppets of society. Both factions work: one, for his daily bread, the other—the inmate—for his canteen list. The latter try to do as little as possible over a long period of time by craft and seemingly cunning methods.

Relationships between Maori and European Inmates.

In this prison relationships were good, and both races combined to form a common front on the occasion of strikes and petitions, warder baiting and assaults, concerts and sporting activities. Racial strife is—nil.

Homosexual Activities

Some inmates indulged, in the past. But such activities ceased. Inmates involved were not Maoris. I must add that such doings were not rife throughout the prison but was mainly confined to one block only.

On weekdays, one was supposed to rise at 6.30 am: weekends, an hour later. You must shave each am. "if in the mood".

The Ultimate Pleasures in Order of Importance in the Lives of all Prisoners

A. Release. B. Visits and letters. C. Transfers and canteens. D. Assisting towards the miscarriage of justice viz. perjury etc. E. Kicks and baiting of warders.

General

As an individual the convict is a very naive person. He appears to have a philosophy based on, and centred around I—or me! He is an outcast of society who cannot, or was unable to conform to those rules and regulations—the norms, as laid down by society. As well as possessing—on the whole—a low I.Q. he also lacks education up to School Certificate Level. He is imprisoned for the sake of society's protection. Society must have its pound of flesh and quite often—very often, is successful.

Society is regarded as being harsh and unfair; but rarely has society sent an inmate who is completely innocent, to prison; however, many prisoners and going by the many discussions amongst inmates I've heard, all trials were jacked and evidence against inmates lacked proof etc.

The axiom: "No honour among thieves" often held water on the occasions when a gang of men are on trial for offences; however, such an axiom becomes a fallacy where a group of men are before penal authorities when facing charges pertaining to penal regulations.

He, as an individual, is a sentimentalist easy to anger when dealing with authority. Re: penal breaches: he is emotional. He is a dreamer and at times may adopt a holier than thou attitude, amongst his betters. Many, more so Maoris, are kindhearted and extremely trustworthy only when they themselves are trusted by friends, relatives and the enemy.

Very few, if any are prosperous with reference to ill-gotten gains from criminal activities. I have met many inmates, but of them all, many are positively moneyless.

There are other aspects of interest re prisoners and the general lawbreakers, but off hand, these notes are what immediately came to mind. I rest! If there is any other facts/opinions you wish to know or disagree with, feel free—just ask.

ily suspiciously slightly beyond his any times merits of the negative type. He rain with his parents view of education as well as of time. Such thoughts are , but in now, counterpart. He is easily ensored by and, too, by obnoxious race, and specially if the speaker be times he is other times he is god-like in of goodness on the circumstances and ty is oftening.

ex-prison release from Paremoremo. For obvious reasons, nastiest pave the longest memories—Kathryn de Nave.



FIVE EASY PIECES

After what seemed like an eternity, the game was over and Carl hurried off to drive the car to the ferry. Bobby and Tita laughed cruelly at his retreating back, the way he walked, with his neck held in the brace. Tita stopped laughing suddenly:

"Bobby, do you think Spicer is attractive."

Bobby, who had not noticed the servant at all, said, with heavy irony:

"I think he's got a terrific personality."

"Spicer was formerly a sailor," frowned Tita, as much to herself as to him. "Sailors are sadistic, I feel."

"Where is Catherine," asked Bobby, trying to make the question sound as casual as possible.

Tita shrugged:

"Who—oh. Shopping in the village. My turn for a game."

"Why don't you and Spicer play."

Bobby put down the paddle and wandered away to the front of the house. As soon as he was out of sight, Tita smiled:

"Spicer..."

Bobby finally found Catherine in the music room, arranging a bowl of flowers on the piano. She smiled at him and said:

"Robert. Would you do something for me? Would you play for me."

For answer Bobby sat at the piano. He frowned into space for a moment, then started to play. It was a piece of Chopin and Catherine closed her eyes and let the music roll over her. Bobby's eyes wandered round the room as he played. He looked at all the old photographs and momentos of the family—a family of virtuoso classical musicians, a family with a feeling and love for the great music, that he didn't feel. When he had finished, Catherine sighed:

"That was beautiful, Robert. I'm surprised. I was really very moved."

Bobby began to laugh, bitterly, and Catherine frowned. At last he said:

"I picked the easiest piece I could think of. I played it first when I was eight years old—and I played it better then. I didn't have any feeling."

"Well, then, I must have been supplying it."

Bobby got up and walked over to her, staring her in the eyes, his own hard and calculating:

"Maybe if you'd supply a little more, it might rub off on me. Who knows."

Catherine reddened angrily, she had got the message:

"I doubt it."

She moved swiftly to the door, and Bobby followed her. She ran straight upstairs, and he heard the door of her room slam shut. For a moment, he was still, then, swearing softly, he ran up the stairs and barged into her room.

Catherine was standing on the far side of the bedroom as Bobby crashed in, then slammed the door behind him:

"What does it have to be with you—grim and serious?"

"Look, you played. I honestly responded—and you made me feel embarrassed. It wasn't necessary."

"It was. I faked a little Chopin and you faked a big response. Up until now, all I've been getting from you is meaningful looks at the dinner table and a lot of vague suggestions about the day after tomorrow."

"I haven't been conscious about having given you any particular looks. And as for the day after tomorrow this is the day after tomorrow and I am unfortunately seeing you. Now if you'd excuse me, I'd like to take a bath."

Bobby advanced on her:

"What the hell do you want. What the hell are you screwing around with all this crap?"

"I do not find your language very charming."

"It isn't. It's direct."

"I'd like you to leave so that I can take a bath—is that direct?"

Bobby's answer was to push her down onto the bed, then to lean over and kiss her hard on the mouth. For a moment she struggled, but only for a moment, then she lay back and submitted to him.

Later, much later, they lay in bed, and Catherine told him all about herself, and about her unhappy marriage:

"...I told him the truth finally. He was my husband and I loved him very much, but my God, it wasn't working any better the second time than it did the first—and I left him. Carl restored me, he really did. He's much more substantial than you give him credit for."

Bobby nodded the admission and kissed her again. She glanced out of the window and the fading light as evening came:

"Do you think you could discreetly move across the hall now."



Meaningful glances all de live long day

"Yes, I think I could discreetly move across the hall, now."

As he reached the door, she said:

"Robert, I have some free time tomorrow morning before Carl gets back—if you'd like."

"Of course I'd like to."

As he went to his own room, Bobby felt as if a great weight had been lifted from him, as if he could see the way out of the trap. It was easy, too easy.

The next day, Carl was not the only person on the ferry who came to the house. A few minutes after he had driven up, the local taxi arrived and deposited Rayette at the front door. Bobby welcomed her, there was little else he could do.

Dinner was an uncomfortable meal. Bobby could feel the weight of censure that emanated from Catherine, could understand that she must feel betrayed. But what was worse was the fatherly condescension with which Carl greeted the new arrival. Rayette, who was feeling pretty nervous herself, made uncomfortable attempts at conversation:

"This certainly is an improvement on the motel and the coffee shop. How could you ever have left such a beautiful place, Bobby?"

"I don't know," mumbled Bobby ungraciously.

"I don't understand," said Carl. Why did you stay at the motel when there's plenty of room here."

"Well, I was going to, but Bobby had to kind of come up here, he said, and feel it out first. But then it took so long, I ran flat out of money, and I had to get in a taxi and come out here—in the hopes that I wouldn't be intruding myself."

There was a silence, then she turned to Catherine:

"You certainly do have a beautiful head of hair—is it natural?"

"Rayette," snarled Bobby. "Just finish eating."

"Robert," said Carl. "Please. Let's not be rude."

"It's okay," smiled Rayette. "He doesn't mean anything by that. Bobby's just about the moodiest man I've ever been with."

It was at that moment that Bobby could stand no more, and got up and left the dining room, aware that every eye was on him as he went.

That night, he went to the mainland to get good and drunk. It was the morning when he returned. As he drove the car off the ferry, Catherine was preparing to drive on. He stopped facing her window:

"Where are you going?"

"Going to pick up some friends of Carl's and mine."

"I want to talk to you."

"I'll be back later," said Catherine.

The car behind Bobby hooted impatiently, but he took no notice:

"No, I want to talk to you right now. I want to explain something."

"It isn't necessary."

"Catherine, will you wait just one minute."

"I haven't been fair to Carl. I have to tell you that. I'm sorry everything's been so confusing. I'll see you later this evening."

As he drove on, Bobby felt the whole world slipping away from him again as he fell back into the trap. Perhaps he had brought it on himself, or perhaps it had been an illusion after all, perhaps there was no escape.

Whether there was escape or not, Bobby was determined that he was not beaten yet.

The evening was entirely depressing. The know-it-all friends whom Carl had imported for dinner, upset him from the outset. Samia a middle-aged woman who was a waking reincarnation of Sigmund Freud, talked incessantly, pushing her opinions down everyone's throat. After dinner, Tita went with Spicer to help put the old, dying man, the shell of Bobby's father, to bed, and so he had no allies in the drawing room. Rayette was determined to play her part in the conversation and debate over coffee, thus irritating Bobby even more.

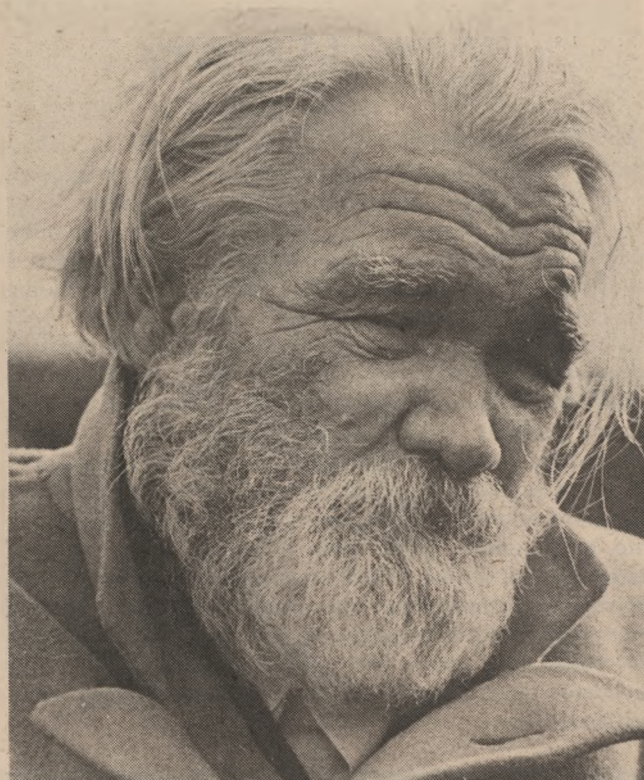
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One blink means yes . . .

same spot. The old man could see and hear, but could not give sign if he understood, and, strangely, Bobby felt a greater relief in talking to him than he had felt with anyone else.

He put the old man in a position where he could see the sea, then squatted down beside him:

"I don't know if you'd be particularly interested in hearing anything about me, my life—most of it doesn't add up to much that I could relay it as a way of life that you would approve of."

His voice faded away a moment, then he went on:

"I move around a lot. Not because I'm looking for anything really, but—'cause I'm getting away from things that get bad. If I stay—auspicious beginning, you know what I mean."

He looked out to sea himself for a moment, then:

"I'm trying to imagine your half of this conversation. My feeling is, I don't know, that if you could talk, we wouldn't be talking. It's pretty much the way it got to be before I left."

Again a silence. Bobby could feel the tears coming, hot salty tears, making his eyes smart:

"I don't know what to say. Tita suggested we try to—I don't know. I think she feels we've got some understanding to reach. She totally denies the fact that we were never that comfortable with one another to begin with. The best I can do is to apologise. We both know that I was never really that good at it anyway. I'm sorry it didn't work out."

He bowed his head to let the tears come freely, to cleanse himself of the guilt of his long-felt fear and hatred for his Father. Had he looked up, he might have seen the tear in the old, dying man's eyes.

After a moment he felt well enough to wheel the old man back to the house.

Rayette had got everything packed and into the front hall by the time he had seen his Father safely back in the house. Bobby went and got the car and brought it to the front door. He had just finished putting the cases in the boot when Tita appeared:

"You're leaving."

"Yeah, I said a week. I think I overstayed myself."

Prodigal Son, Father and Lover



"You were going without saying goodbye to me."

"I didn't want to say goodbye to anyone."

"What about me?" Tita was close to tears, and pulled off her glasses to wipe her eyes.

"I'll say goodbye to you," said Bobby gently.

He kissed her tenderly, the only member of his family he had ever been really close to. Rayette came out of the house and he hurried with her to the car. He climbed into the driver's seat, leant across and opened the passenger door for her. Half-in the car, she turned to Tita:

"Listen, I never got to thank you for all your hospitality. You tell Carl for me if any of you want to come down to our place any time, you'd be more than welcome."

She got into the car, and Bobby jerked it into gear and away.

There were no words between the two travellers as they took the ferry back to the mainland, and Bobby left Rayette sitting in the car as he went to the stern of the open ferry boat and looked back as the island receded in the distance, and the line of its trees merged with the outlines of the other islands that surrounded it.

Once more, there were no words as they drove through Washington and hit the long road south, back to Los Angeles.

At last, Rayette, snuggled close to Bobby, but he took one hand off the wheel to push her firmly away. At once she was angry:

"Son of a bitch."

"Cut it out," snapped Bobby.

"You quit pushing me away like that. I've had enough of that to last me an entire lifetime. Why don't you just be good for me just for a change. There isn't anybody going to look after you and love you as I do. D'you hear me?"

If he did, Bobby gave no sign. There was a service station up ahead a little cafe by it. Bobby pulled in for petrol. Rayette jumped out of the car:

"I'm going in the cafe for some coffee. You want anything?"

"No."

"You got any change?"

For answer, Bobby handed her his wallet from the inside pocket of his jacket.

"Sure you don't want anything?"

"No." Then to the attendant: "Fill her up, will you."

Rayette trotted over to the coffee shop. After a moment, Bobby got out of the car to stretch his legs. Then he saw, round the far corner of the building a sign to a men's room. He strolled over to it, and went inside, to put some cold water on his face and ease the whirl in his mind.

The men's room was empty. Bobby slipped off his jacket, then ran a basin full of water. There was a mirror above the basin, and, after he had washed, he looked at himself closely in it, as if trying to discern what he amounted to as a human being. The mirror gave him no answer, they never did.

Leaving his jacket in the Men's room, he walked outside, and it was at that moment that a chance of escape—of renewed hope—came to him. A huge lorry had pulled up, carrying tree-trunks. It was obviously travelling North to Canada, and now its great bulk obscured the car and the coffee shop entrance. Bobby talked to the driver, begging a lift, and the man agreed.

As Bobby climbed into the cab, he had it all thought out. Rayette would be alright. She could drive the car and she had all his money. She would get back to her little home safely and her job would be waiting for her. He need feel no guilt. But he could be off and start afresh, perhaps this time he could find what he was searching for. He didn't know what it was, but he would know when he found it.

The lorry driver started the powerful engine, then turned to Bobby:

"You got a jacket or anything with you?"

"No." Bobby thought fast. "It got burned up—everything in my car got the shit burned out of it. All I've got is what I've got on."

"I've got one behind the seat if you wanna put it on."

"No. It's okay."

"Suit yourself," shrugged the driver. "I'll tell you one thing. Where we're going, it's going to get colder than hell."

He put the great engine into gear and it shuddered forward. It turned onto the road and began its long, thundering journey to the north.

It had gone round the bend in the road by the time Rayette emerged from the coffee shop, two paper cups in her hand. She went over to the car, saw it was empty and spoke to the attendant. He pointed to the Men's room and Rayette nodded, before getting in the car and sitting down to wait patiently for her Bobby, as she would wait, with Love, forever . . .

THANKS TO COLUMBIA FILMS FOR SCRIPT AND PHOTOGRAPHS



Arcs of sound and a tubercular troubadour

A QUESTION OF BALANCE THE MOODY BLUES THRESHOLD

The Moody Blues have a tendency to reach beyond their limits. Certainly they have always done so with the lyrics they append to their music: pseudo-philosophical, moralizing banalities. In terms of music, their reliance is an open chords made respectable through their mellotron and through the production work of Tony Clarke.

He is in fact the biggest asset The Moody Blues have. His work in what he terms 'arcs of sound' is quite remarkable and just a little brilliant. Clarke, together with a vague theme (musically and lyrically) which the Moodies concocted, make 'A Question Of Balance' cohere in immediate sweeping terms. That is to say that one is quite overcome on initial hearings. The music makes its appearance as beautiful soft walls of sound. But after a time, the softness falls to give way to individual instruments played only in an above mediocre fashion. The Moodies are not outstanding musicians. Their talents rest in overall impressionistic suggestion.

Mike Pinder's *Melancholy Man* is just a little adolescent, although the massed choral movement at the end is quite impressive. Probably the finest track is Graeme Edge's *Don't You Feel Small*, where Edge's drumming advances beyond the heavy handed. Other highpoints of the Album include the piano climax in Justin Hayward's *Dawning Is The Day*, the central movement of his other song *Questions*, and the strained choruses of Ray Thomas' *The Tide Rushes In*.

Thomas' poem however, which concludes the Album is quite ludicrous, naive and simple. His fluteplaying throughout leaves much to be desired, as does the playing of his compatriots. Justin Hayward demonstrates a very weak guitar in all electric passages. His acoustic work is vaguely pleasant though.

But if one is not conceited into musicianly analyses, if one simply enjoys being overwhelmed by fine stereo sound, soft, melodic and in a fashion, compelling, then 'A Question Of Balance' is probably a worthwhile buy. Ignore the words though, unless bent on an evening of sentimental longing (for the supposed good) in the hearts of all men.

STEPHAN HUNTON



Moody Blues

TEA FOR THE TILLERMAN CAT STEVENS ISLAND

I never really did get into early Cat Stevens (I Love My Dog', 'Here Comes My Baby') but I became interested in his music when 'Mona Bone Jakon', the debut album of his new style, was released. The interim between his two quite distinct styles was marked by a severe bout of tuberculosis, a reshuffling of personal and musical ideas, and apparently the attainment of some form of spiritual harmony.

After his previous work, 'Mona Bone Jakon' seemed very simple lyrically, yet strong (without being too powerful) vocally. It contained a wide range of compositions, the best known perhaps being the hauntingly delicate 'Lady D'Abarnville'. 'Tea for the Tillerman' is in the same vein as M.B.J., but is more mature and polished, with Stevens having even more confidence in his voice, forcing incredible feeling into quite simple lyrics. This album is a very personal statement—not in the stream-of-consciousness method of Van Morrison's 'Astral Weeks' but rather more directly, Stevens either rejoicing or expressing concern in his songs. As well as performing the vocals and playing guitar, Stevens uses keyboards quite liberally on the tracks, all of which were written by him.

On the first two tracks, the effect of fading the song almost right out, and then richly bringing it back again, is used. The first 'Where do the Children Play?' is a 'message' song, Stevens singing about technology advancing perhaps too far and overshadowing the pursuit of the simple pleasures. At the end of the 2nd verse, the song fades until a short drum roll heralds the entrance of the 3rd verse. In the second, 'Hard Headed Woman', after tapering the song off, he uses his voice to bring it to the foreground again. The lyrics are about his searching for an ideal partner, 'and if I find my hard headed woman I know the rest of my life will be blessed.'

One of the finest wistful songs I have ever heard is 'Sad Lisa', a track about an alienated ('though I know no one can see her') woman whom the singer wishes to help, although he knows he can't really get near her. A mellow piano and an eerily-distant violin echo the plaintive feelings of Stevens' voice. The strained atmosphere of this song has an immediate appeal and this track will help make the album a memorable one.

'Miles From Nowhere'—a spiritual ('Lord my body has been a good friend, but I won't need it when I reach the end') sung as though he has truly found some answers to those questions we all know, and is now offering songs of thanksgiving. In all good conscience, I find this a moving song.

There are two tracks on this album which were composed by Stevens for a film and a musical drama. 'But I Might Die Tonight' is included in the Stevens-composed score for the film 'Deep End', which premiered at the London Film Festival. 'Father & Son' is one of the 15 songs Stevens wrote for his first play 'Revolution'. It is a sung conversation between father and son, the father telling the son to 'relax take it easy . . . settle down . . . and marry', with son replying 'from the moment I could talk I was ordered to listen . . .



Cat Stevens

Away, I know, I have to go.' A beautiful non-committal reflection of the generation gap and a good example of the album to be released as a single.

Perhaps the two oddest tracks on the album are the calypso 'Longer Boats' and the pure-folk track, 'Into White'. Both seem to reflect a part of Stevens' personal realm, yet the lyrics offer no clue as to where. The former gradually mounts up and at the end is quite bold and heavy, whereas the latter retains a delicate texture throughout its length, using a solo violin to augment this effect.

The title track of 'Mona Bone Jakon' was a short, nonsensical song; the title track of 'Tea for the Tillerman' is also very short and quaint. The ending ('that happy day') is sung with a large backing choir—exactly the same as in the Edwin Hawkins single 'O Happy Day'. This song is the ultimate euphoric rejoicing at being alive, a religious ecstasy.

Altogether, this is an excellent L.P.; of the two unmentioned songs, 'On the Road to Find Out' alone, warrants a listening to the record. Since Stevens has now mastered his current style of troubadour-folk, his next album should be interesting, particularly if he adopts a change in musical direction.

J.H.

ANZAC DAY SERVICE / DOMAIN

Walking in the sun, My obligation to the past starts raining on me. People singing hymns and crying. Some guy with a string of letters after his name, and a rope of medals on his breast sounding the symbolic depths of A.N.Z.A.C.; patronizing the "commendable, if often tasteless and misdirected, enthusiasm of youth".

Four 'planes fly over, making a shit of a noise and all the little kids freak out with terror. Perpetuating tradition they call it . . . like the Army in Vietnam is doing now. Our Army . . . our tradition.

And then the meat-parade . . . men sagging under their millstones of guilt . . . I mean valour . . . pinned to their chests. I see the repugnant but now all-too-familiar, combination of war medal and clerical collar: "A man of god," I say, aloud.

From behind "That man of god, my boy, was wearing a V.C., if you noticed!" (Quaint condition) "I don't dispute his courage, I object to a "man of god" conniving at a system which legalises murder." He told me I'd be in 'B' Company; I'd be here when they left, and I'd be here when they came home again (a clever figure of speech) . . . but the figure of speech that I found a bit overworked on Sunday was euphemism . . .

. . . and I still couldn't stop thinking about VIETNAM . . .

P. CALDER



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Godard brief and cool



SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL VEGAS THEATRE NEWMARKET

If, when you leave the theatre after *Sympathy for the Devil* you are not too sure who the devil is and where your sympathy lies, not to worry. Godard would say—rightly—it's your privilege. The film (made in 1968) is no doubt a development of Godard's own particular vision and because of, rather than despite this, doubts and paradoxes are all the more prevalent. Godard has never been a Dadaist—this is surely confirmed by his work in the past. *Sympathy for the Devil*, however, raises questions which, though rhetorical, probe the validity of art in contemporary society. The devil is, of course, this degraded, worn-out, obscene, violent, capitalist system of ours which stifles growth, freedom and, presumably, genuine artistic expression. Just how effective is art in bringing social change (if at all) in these satanic days? Can any equation be made between reality and the aesthetic fiction? As if in answer to such question, *Sympathy for the Devil* is very self-consciously a *film*. Each sequence is short enough, and, in a sense, artificial enough for us to remain detached. And it is this very quality that makes the film effective as social commentary.

Godard achieves this in a number of ways. The film has no plot line to speak of—the only progression we get is in the sequences of the Stones cutting their title track. Yet a curious formalism arises out of this. A sequence of the Stones is followed by a political sketch; then another sequence of the group in turn followed by a political piece and so on until the Stones' final version of the song is heard and the film comes to an end. Though all the revolutionary pieces are interrelated (only two deal with the same subject—the Black Power militants) and the Stones' sessions develop, there are really only tenuous links between one section and the next. Thus what emerges is a series of logically unconnected though thematically balanced segments. The Stones then are forced to carry the burden of development. At first we can hardly recognise the song from the version we are used to, by the middle the Afro beat has been added and, at the end, the polished record version. The irony here is apparent: on the one hand, the *artificiality* of creativity is emphasised throughout the film (particularly in the recording studio), on the other the Stones seem to have a solution. An end—even the revolutionary one the song's lyrics suggest—is achieved.

As well as the structure of the film, the style enforces detachment on the audience. Rep lacing the sharp cuts of the earlier films are cool lingering shots. Often the camera is static for long periods. A recording session with the Stones would, for most film-makers, be the ideal excuse for stylistic indulgence. Godard is very deliberately restrained—there are only two real close-ups (only one of them is Jagger). Sound is a very striking feature—the voice of the narrator reading pieces of pornography is frequently loud enough to obliterate the dialogue. In the sequence with Eve Democracy interviewed by a group of *Time*-like newsmen, the swishing of feet through the grass and, at one point, the insane tweeting of birds, is again a very conscious device.

Each sequence has this almost contrived quality. Especially good is the first piece with the black revolutionaries; they sit on top of and lean out of the battered wrecks of the dying order, reading from manifestos, throwing rifles to one another, learning set speeches. Here is another attempt at political theatre; we are never convinced of the 'reality' of the piece and, as a result, we are forced to re-examine our 'reality', our world of (says Godard) corrupt and arbitrary standards (If we don't do this at the time, we do, or should do later). Thus the self-conscious quality of *Sympathy for the Devil* really amounts to a brutal assault, much more effective than the emotive tactic of a film like *Z*.

Sympathy for the Devil, by being so obviously a *film*, breaks most of the rules of conventional cinema art. But the paradox is for the audience to resolve. Once in the theatre its up to you to readjust. The violence of the film is directed against us. For Godard at least, though there are parts of the film that may be doubting, the image of the Stones cutting a 'revolutionary' track must be a positive. Thus while attacking his audience, his faith in the potency of art in society is never really shaken. What Godard creates then in *Sympathy for the Devil* is only superficially anti-cinema. It is in fact a brilliant, imaginative exercise in film. Where your sympathy lies is up to you . . .

Footnote—Again with the large concerns quite uninterested, we have a small distributor to thank for bringing out a fine film and, in doing so, risking financial failure. *Sympathy*, unfortunately finishes tonight at the Vegas, though if the film has been successful we could see it back after screening in Wellington.

GRANT STITT



Famous M. Jagger

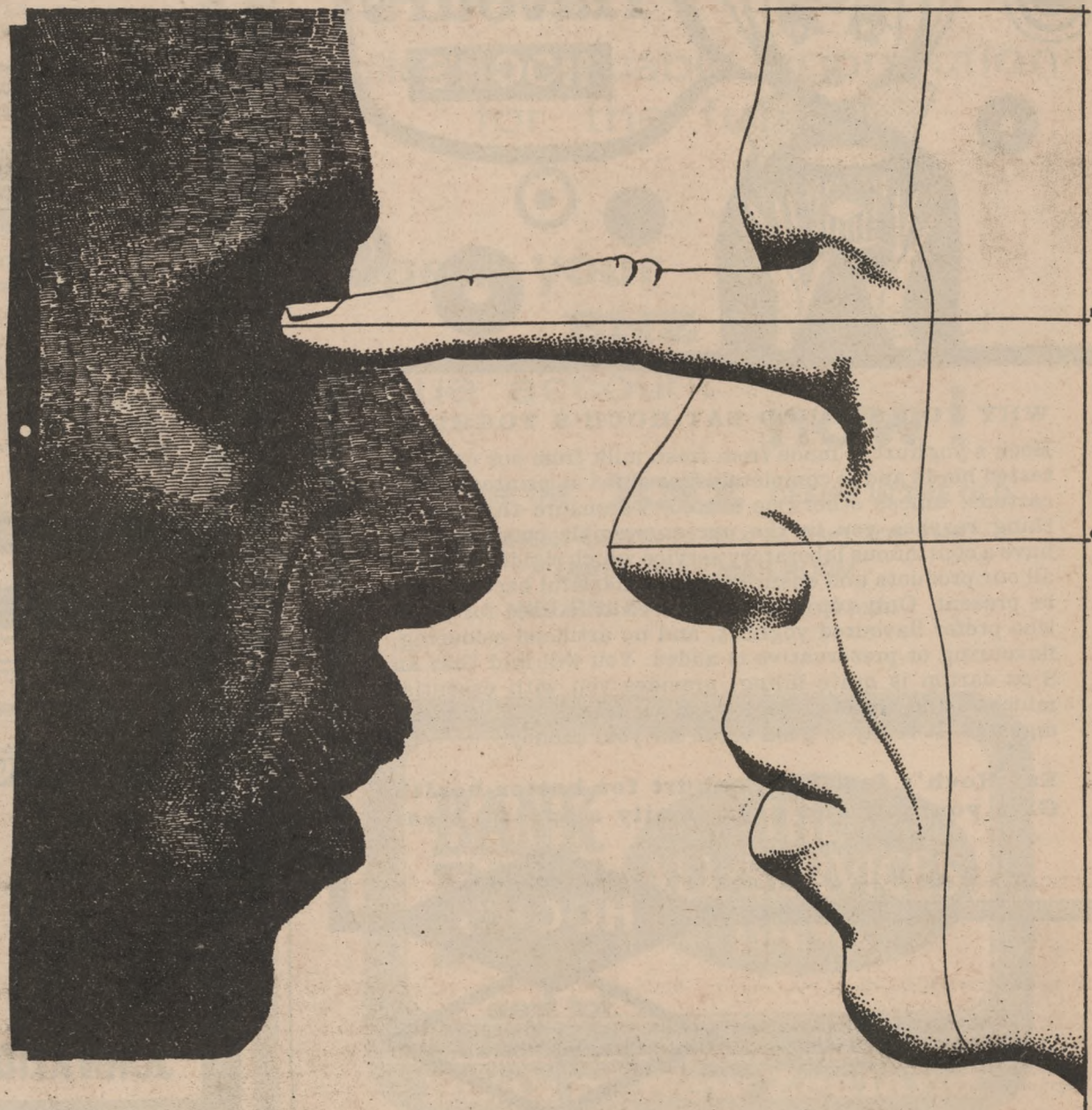
He who catches the joy as it flies Lives in eternity's sunrise—Blake

PRICE OF ADMISSION YOUR MIND

When you first go into Ward 10 at the Auckland Hospital you are probably in an intermittent trance dream. It is a stop over station for all of yesterdays promises, but the radio in the recreation room knows the score "Dont think twice, its alright, its alraaght. Yes, Yes, Magic eyeballs, spanner working at the memory core. Take my hand Sister of Mercy, please dont desert me now. Thioridazine is the White Magic of Ward 10. It's the antidote for highflying birds and rainbow people. So: you are on fire and your going to burn but; dont think twice, its alright. The Magic Revolution's fire engine is quenching your thirst with Sweet Jimi and Janis. Forget your birthday cos God is alright now, its just that he doesnt know which one of us he is in yet. Word of warning! Dont let the natives into the navigation room captain, for there remains the musky scent of Night Flowers combing the subway walls. It's the season of the witch, Brian Auger and anybody's trinity. Love to the power of three or love to the power of six plus one equals a magical seven . . . A.A. Milne wrote Now We are Eight. Remember Alice in Wonderland? Help stop the pain—Oh cant somebody please help me cause I am falling in love again. Burning bush and crimson horizon hair line. Next time Henry Jackson plays twentyfirst century schizoid man, you know what it means. Stonewall Jackson (he was batty too) all that endurance. Donovans colours and we are the sons of the Easter Dawn Goddess. Come up and see me sometime.

MAE WEST

The best
minds of my generation...
starving hysterical naked



INKSHED

scrivener's corner



one

Sir,
As a member of the Education Department who has not yet lectured during 1970-71 in any of the courses contributing to the "guts-full" complained of last week by your anonymous correspondent, I have the temporary advantage of being able to take a detached view of his problem. When I begin lecturing in the Stage Two Comparative Education course next term, however, this advantage will be lost.

I mention these points to show that my perspective is neither entirely Olympian nor disinterested. On the contrary, judging by the intemperate ferocity of your correspondent's remarks, it is probably only a matter of time before similar brick-bats come flying my way. I shall, however, do my best to be objective in the following remarks which I hope your correspondent may see fit to consider.

First, I must mention a specific point. It is to deny that part of your correspondent's criticism which is based on the alleged lack of relevance of one part of the Comparative Education course. That the

history of the nineteenth century Irish parochial schools is in fact "relevant" to the present social divisiveness and current "troubles" in Northern Ireland seems too obvious to require elaboration. Further, as a comparative study of policies relating to the principle of state aid to private schools, this topic appears to have some obvious relevance to our present educational policies in New Zealand.

Secondly, although it appears to me to be unethical to allow such defamatory comment, whether anonymous or otherwise, in a student newspaper, I leave this for others to judge, merely stressing the practical inefficacy of such a policy. I mean that generalized denigration of the quality of lecturing, even when specifically directed at a given department, is in all probability of very limited value as a means of effecting improvements. A far better way, in my opinion, is to approach the lecturer concerned, with specific suggestions, which one hopes would be offered and entertained in a spirit of mutual respect.

W.J.D. Minogue
Associate Professor
of Education

two

Sir,
I would like to express, through your column, the appreciation of the Friends of the University Association for the attendance of students at a recent Monday evening session aimed at bridging the gap in thinking between parents and students.

The interest and valuable contribution in group workshops from the students was most appreciated. We are indebted to them for what their presence and comments contributed in helping the generations communicate something of their views.

F. Donnelly

three

Sir,
Much discussion has recently been generated concerning the place and effectiveness of the Student Representative Council of the Association.

This body set up in 1967, the policy making body of the Association, consists of approximately 60 students who elect their own chairman and has power to recommit Executive decisions, as well as pass any

resolutions raised by any member.

The S.R.C. has a counterpart in every University in Australasia and, I submit, has worked reasonably well in doing those things it was set up to do. The reasonably effective and continual S.R.C. of the past three years has broken down the lack of liaison between the Executive and the students, although more work is required to inform students of the nature and purpose of this body.

The students elected have been able to voice at this forum all levels of student opinion giving such opinion the hearing which is entitled to it. Sectional interests in this way have never been able to force unwanted policy on the Association but such interests have on occasion provoked wide debate.

What is ultimately required is an enthusiastic, experienced, capable, reliable and responsible membership and this has been obtained by and large in the past, with a few exceptions. It is essential that for any continuum to exist a body such as the present S.R.C. should be maintained. The Executive works well as an administrative body, i.e. administrative decision and action, but a widely based expression of student opinion is essential to a students' association, or students will refuse, probably with good reason, to support the Association which depends on their support for its continuance. The present policy of the Association is made by a responsible body (i.e. elected and accountable) however, if the S.R.C. was not elected it would be much less responsible. General meetings are potentially very irresponsible and unrepresentative.

Indeed the idea of running an Association of this magnitude (with a cash flow of well over \$500,000) by fortnightly referenda/general meetings/interest groups makes idiocy of the ideal of an organisation run by representative students for and with the student body at large. The present system is reasonably representative of student opinion while at the same time providing maximum participation for those who display any interest in Association affairs.

W.J. Spring
President

four

Sir,
During the present Royal visit to New Zealand we have once again witnessed emotional

NOTICE OF STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION APOLOGY

"The Students' Association apologises unreservedly for publishing the defamatory letter contained in the "Ink Shed Column" of Craccum of April 22nd directed against the competence of certain lecturers of the University Education Department.

The Association regrets any unfortunate consequences which the publication of this letter may have caused. It wishes to disassociate itself from the consequences of the letter and it hopes that the happy relationship between students and academic staff which has always existed in the past will continue".

displays of loyalty to the Crown and the Royal family. It seems that many people still think of their country as a helpless infant who needs the protective shelter of its mother's arms rather than as a young vibrant nation anxious to find its own identity and seek its own way in the world.

For a country that is supposed to be independent and egalitarian, it is rather paradoxical that so many of its citizens should show such emotional deference, to an institution which is based on hereditary privilege and inherent inequality.

Wayne R. Hawkins

five

Sir,
We, as Stage Two Geology students, strongly object to the compulsory eight day field trip to be held in the second week of our vacation. We also feel that having to pay \$18 for this privilege is adding insult to injury. This trip constitutes a gross interference with our private study and personal recreation and must not be tolerated.

Rick O'Shay and friends

six

Sir,
We consider Professor Cumming of the Education Department neither incompetent, bumbling, incoherent nor a fool.

Further, we believe that his preparation of lectures is assiduous and extremely helpful. Further, we believe that his lectures are indeed relevant to the contemporary environment, especially in understanding the continuing religious conflict in Ireland.

Finally, we wish to express our full support for Professor Cumming, and our regret that he has suffered considerable personal affront from the anonymous individuals who libelled him in the last issue of Craccum.

There follow the signatures of thirty-nine people being the entire audience to Professor Cumming's Comparative Education lecture of the 26th of April, no-one registering dissent.

39 SIGNATURES



WHY YOU SHOULD EAT HOCH'S YOGHURT

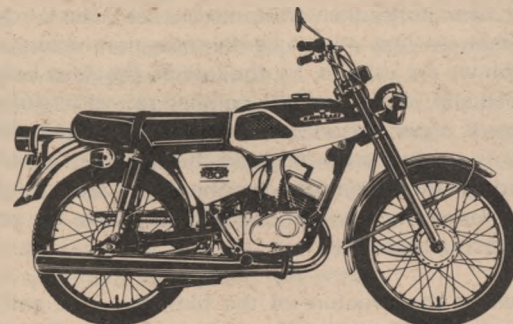
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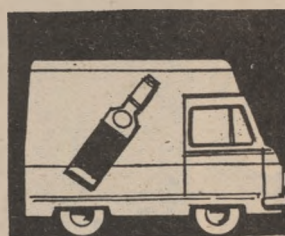
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Mobilisation Photographs by Andrew Riddell



**We Are
15,000
NOW YOU KNOW
SOMETHING IS
HAPPENING
MR. JONES**



I am just slightly overcome. This is Friday night April 30 and I have just come from Mobilisation which brought 15,000 people out onto the streets in protest. It was quite incredible. The head of the column which reached the Civic Administration Building, had to wait there half an hour before the tail-end arrived. Queen Street was full from end to end with marchers.

More than a mere spectacle. The air actually contained a dynamism; the same dynamism that that characterised preparations in the Student Union courtyard all day. People arrived and worked. Fastening placards to slender green branches of bamboo.

Tim Shadbolt urging the crowd on. Brothers and Sisters the time has come. Might have come, might only have begun to contemplate coming. There is much to do and possibly one of the more immediate tasks is to educate those students among us who still find no reason to urge an end to allied complicity in Viet Nam. That, and many other followup demonstrations. People like Peter Rotheram, John Woodroffe and Matt Robson worked full-time to bring the Mobilisation about. More people next time. More people inbetween time. And maybe at last, an end to the War.

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